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BOYS AND GIRLS *of* DISCOVERY DAYS

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THE BIRDS SEEMED TO CALL HIM

Four Boys of Long Ago

The Children of Ancient America

If we could have known that ancient period when America from coast to coast was a place of great icebergs, we should have seen a strange sight.

It was a time of immense silence and great cold. Glaciers swathed our country in ice as far south as North Carolina, and the Rocky Mountains held huge icebergs on their peaks.

Eighty thousand years ago! Then slowly the ice melted, the valleys and rivers and lakes appeared. The sun shone. America became green, and a boy crouched, gathering shells on the shore where New England now lies.

The pictures of the ancient peoples of the glacial period will show you a little of how this boy looked. He was dressed in skins, and he carried a few tools made of stone. He had no home except the woods and the hollows of the hills, but he and his family were trying to build themselves a house from great

oyster snells that measured ten inches long and sometimes longer.

Patiently this Glacial Boy picked up shells and carried them to the pile which his father had started. Between layers of shells he helped to put wet earth like mortar. Their fireplace was beneath this shell mound and beside it were some very rude pots the boy's mother had made of clay. Bones of moose and deer left from the family dinner were also in the mound.

The Glacial Boy looked in terror toward the forest as he worked. Great animals, whom we know only through having found their bones turned to stone, lurked in the depths of those old woods ready to kill the boy and his family. We believe that among these were some huge lions, bears and tigers like those that lived in the caves of Europe at that period. There were six or seven different kinds of mammoth wild horses. There was the gigantic mastodon who came lumbering across North America from the inland rivers with what was called the river-drift when the glaciers melted.

There were some of our own animals, the elk,

THE GLACIAL BOY LOOKED IN TERROR AS HE WORKED

reindeer, wolf, bison, and beaver, but very much larger than we know them. When you think that this Glacial Boy had only a stone shaped like a dagger with which to defend himself, you wonder at his courage. He fished, hunted, and helped build the shell mound until it was twenty-five feet high, its average thickness six or seven feet. Then we lost the Glacial Boy.

Where his race went, what happened to him, exactly how he looked we do not know. But we have

found his shell houses from Maine to Florida. He left his footprints in our rocks, his quartz knives and black flint daggers buried underneath the gravel of many centuries in America. It would seem as if this boy and his relatives had roamed from our Atlantic coast to the Mississippi valley, for all this way we have dug up the Glacial Boy's carefully shaped axes, various kinds of pointed tools cut from jasper and colored quartz, arrowheads, knives, mortars and pestles, and hoes. He was brave, industrious, and skillful with his hands. Of this we are certain.

History is like a play. The curtain is dropped on one scene, only to rise on another which is part of the same play. After the children of the Glacial Age disappeared, the Cave children came. All over the world in an ancient path which we may trace by the stone bones of their musk-sheep, the Cave people journeyed. The Cave Boy did not build his house of shells. He dug a home for himself as a shelter from wild beasts, but most of his time he was tending those great sheep. His trail extends across the eastern hemisphere through Germany

and Russia and all the length of Siberia. Did the Cave Boy live in America?

The bones of the Cave Boy's flock of sheep are to be found today among the fossils of Alaska. He liked to draw, an art of which his ancestor, the Glacial Boy, knew nothing. His mother was more clever than the Glacial Boy's mother; she sewed together the skins of wild beasts for clothing and rugs for the cave, and she made her own sewing needles from bone. We have found the Cave Boy's dagger carved from antler bone, his stone arrowheads, and the necklace he made for his sister from bears' teeth. Not only have we these proofs but it would seem that our Eskimos are the cousins of the Cave Boy of ancient times. He it was who taught his Eskimo descendants how to draw men and beasts and scenes of the hunt and of the village. Both the Cave Boy and the Eskimo sketched pictures on rocks, on their houses, and on their implements, of the same scenes and in the same way.

The Eskimo carves the teeth of wild beasts and sharks into ornaments, uses stone tools, and dresses in skins. Here we have a clue to the ancestry of

America. The oldest living American is the Eskimo Boy!

Now the history curtain is lowered again. There is ever so much going on to set the stage for the next scene. Mother Nature is driving out the mammoth ones of the beasts and stocking our rivers and lakes with fish. Among the timber trees those that bear fruit are seen. The grass is thick and green in all the valleys, and bushes that bear sweet berries appear. There are many wild birds singing together, and wild fowl live in the woods. Squirrels, smaller beavers, foxes, and mink scamper through the forest. The curtain rises.

Here is the next American, this time an Indian Boy. His reddish skin is bronzed from living outdoors. He wears skins, but these have been shaped and stitched into garments and trimmed with small shells and porcupine quills. He has bright feathers braided into his long, straight black hair. Over his shoulder is a new weapon, the bow and a quiver of stone tipped arrows. The Cave Boy threw his stone darts. The Indian Boy aims straight and shoots his arrows. He takes off his bow, gathers a heap

of dried sticks and then kneels down over them as he rubs two bits of stone together. What is this lad doing that the other boys knew nothing about? There is a light. He touches the flint stone to a twig, the twig to the other branches. They flame, crackle, burn!

Fire came to America with the Indian Boy. Fire for hardening the clay pots his sister shaped. Fire for boiling the sweet sap of the maple tree into sugar. Fire for keeping warm in winter, for signaling from one hill to another, for welding metals into tools.

But there are other surprises which the Indian Boy has for us. He takes a short stone point from his quiver and with it makes a few scratches in the earth. He drops some yellow seeds in the hole he has dug and covers them carefully with earth. He moves farther on and repeats this planting. When he reaches a spot where a tree cuts off the sunlight he slits a ring around the bark near the roots with a stone axe knowing that the tree will shed its leaves and let in the light to his field.

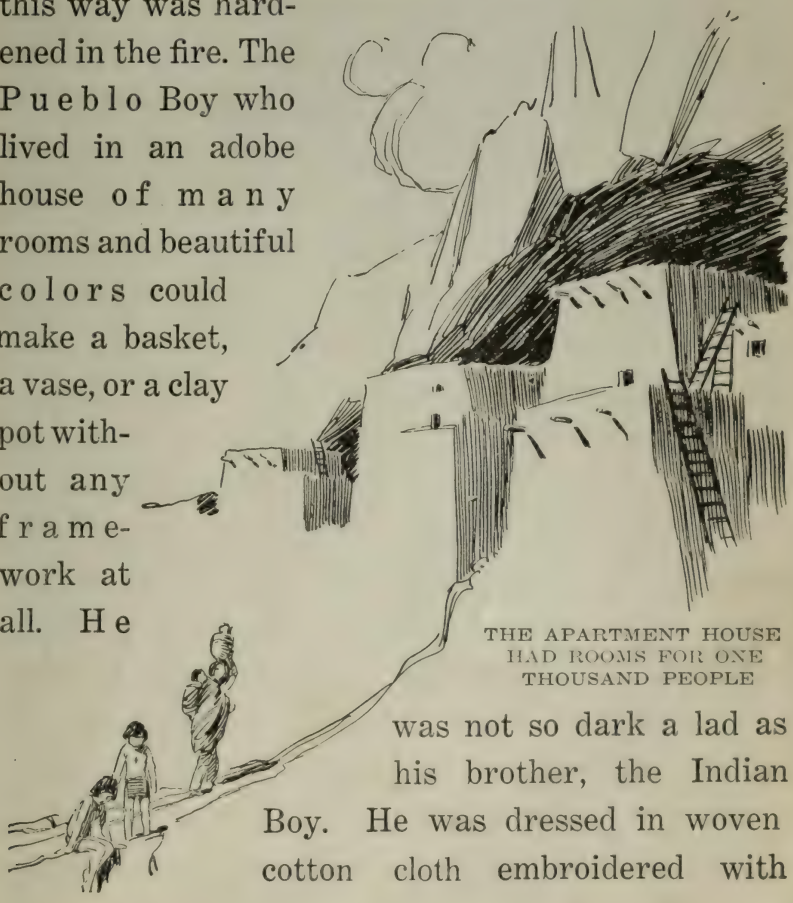
At the end of a season the maize stood in an acre

of full ears where the Indian Boy had planted it. The village in which the Boy lived was the first American town. It was filled with bark covered lodges. Its chieftans governed it wisely. The children of the tribe listened to the first American stories about their little wild brothers of the forest in feathers and fur, about the spirits of the maize, the squash and the bean, and about a Great Spirit who lived above the clouds and sent the blessings of rain and sunshine.

The Indian Boy had a beautiful birch bark canoe in which he paddled and fished. As he finished planting his maize he went down to the edge of the beach and looked eastward across the ocean. He wondered if there were other boys on the farther side of the world, or if the sea marked the edge of the whole earth.

Shells, stone, fire and wood had all been used by these first boys of America, but there was still the earth to be conquered. The Indian Boy of the north learned a little about farming and the women of his tribe made pots for cooking, but the Pueblo Boy of the South knew how to make houses and beautiful

dishes from the clay earth of his part of our country, New Mexico and Arizona. The Indian Boy of the north usually made a framework of twigs around which his sister smeared clay, and the basket made in this way was hardened in the fire. The Pueblo Boy who lived in an adobe house of many rooms and beautiful colors could make a basket, a vase, or a clay pot without any framework at all. He was not so dark a lad as his brother, the Indian Boy. He was dressed in woven cotton cloth embroidered with



THE APARTMENT HOUSE HAD ROOMS FOR ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE

feathers, for his village knew how to spin and weave.

The women could also grind the corn and wheat they raised into fine flour. His clay house rising in many stories and terraces beside a green hill was more like the Cave Boy's house than any other of ancient America, although it was a series of caves, skillfully placed in rows on top of one another. The Pueblo Boy knew how to make bricks from clay, letting them harden in the sun. He could shape beautiful ornaments of quartz and paint decorations on the front of a house or a gateway with pigments made of berries and roots. He had ever so many boy and girl friends, for the apartment house in which he lived had rooms for one thousand people.

The Pueblo Boy's village had several streets and two open squares in the center and many lovely flowers planted in gardens that all the families could enjoy. Sometimes the children gathered in one of these public gardens and sang the beautiful poem stories that had been the gift of one generation to another, and told of birds, and butterflies, and heroes, and the happiness of living in peace. Sometimes they played games on the roofs of the com-

mon houses, so high above the street that they seemed to be on the hilltops.

There was a thick wall around the village. Often the Pueblo Boy looked down at the gate in this wall, and wondered. As far as he could see lay green fields of corn and bright gardens. He had never been to the sea which his father said lay at the east. What, he asked himself, lay beyond the fields and the sea? Would strangers ever cross them and knock at the gate of the Pueblo village?

How It All Began

In The Days of the Old Ships

Every boy of today is interested in ships. The seashore, the city dock, the country brook and pond, the town riverway suggest boat building and the trips a boy would like to make. The toy motor boat is much more popular in the toyshop than the train of cars, and a boy would rather build a sailboat or a raft than anything else. What is the lure of the ship? The fact of the matter is that it is the oldest call to boyhood and manhood. There never was a time since the mists rolled away from our old earth and left valleys and waters when man did not seek adventure by way of the seas.

The first boy of whose toy ships we have any record lived in Egypt five thousand years before Christ. He knew that his ancestors had hollowed a great log, made a sail of tough leaves or the skins of wild beasts, carved oars from the branches of trees, and then set forth over the waters in search

of food, new lands and conquest. The Egyptian boy built better than this. He and his father shaped their ships beautifully and lightly after the pattern of the great winged birds that nested along the banks of the Nile. These birds could swim or fly over the water swiftly and safely until they were completely out of sight. Where did they fly? How could the Egyptians follow the birds to unknown lands?

The Egyptian ship was modeled from a bird. Its body showed the ribs and curves of a bird's body. Its hull was shaped like the swimming birds of the Nile. Its high curving stern and upthrust bow were patterned from the curving necks of waterfowls. The mast was a single stick supported fore and aft on each side by stays. The sail was broad, low, and squared. This ship was called a galley and was manned by a great company of rowers. The sons of the Pharaoh kings had small gold and silver models of these boats. They loved these toy boats so much that when a young prince died they were buried beside him. Pictures of these beautiful boats were painted on the Egyptian tombs. The Chinese saw

and liked the Egyptian ships and built their river junks on the same general plan. We may see this first old ship model in use at the present time in China, its sails of soft lovely coloring, its cargo of fruits and rice similar to the cargo of the Egyptian ships.

The next boat building was that of the sea faring Phoenician people. The Egyptian boy had heard of the thrilling adventures of his Phoenician cousins, who had sailed clear around Africa by way of the Red Sea, clearing what we call now the Cape of Good Hope, and coming back to the Mediterranean through our modern Strait of Gibralter. The Egyptian boy was proud that the sturdy ships in which the Phoenicians made their trips of discovery were modeled like his ships, but they were built for battle. Just as the sea birds along the coast had long, sharp bills for fishing and fighting, the first ships of discovery had stouter bodies and beaks or rams for fighting.

These early mariners started the practice of hanging their shields along the sides of their ships for protection. They put in benches for the oarsmen.

These Phoenician boats controlled the high seas for a long time, not only as fighters and pirates but in commerce. They traded in wool and metals, jewels, fruits, and spices with other countries.

The boy of Greece was taught to draw and cut beautiful utensils and statues from marble as soon as he was old enough to go to school. This is why we have been able to find out so much about his ships. The Greeks left us models of boats, they painted pictures of them upon their temple walls and in their houses. They carved ships in stone and wrote records of their shipbuilding. The Greek ships were like those of their neighbors, the Egyptians and the Phoenicians, in so far as they were built like the body of a bird and had a sea-fowl's wide, strong wings as the models of their sails. But new materials were used in the building.

The Grecian galleys were put together with wooden pegs. Old Colonial furniture is jointed the same way, which is a disadvantage because the pegs shrink and warp in a heated house. The use of pegs in shipbuilding was an advantage. They swelled in the water and strengthened the ship with each trip.

The Greeks selected their wood for shipbuilding with more care than any mariners before them. Their hulls, often demountable so as to be carried over the land, were shaped for strength, from poplar, oak, pine, cedar and alder. Pliable timber such as spruce, was used for the masts and oars. The Greeks could weld metals skillfully. They trimmed and strengthened their ships with bronze. They were the first voyagers to calk their ships with tar and wax. They painted their sails like the wings of lovely birds and butterflies, but their scout ships were colored a blue-green so as to be almost invisible on the water.

The boy of Greece who lived near the coast had almost as much adventure as the American boy who visits a shipyard. The spring of the year in ancient Greece saw many ships hauled on shore to be put in the hands of the ropemakers, the riggers, the shipwrights and the painters. The boy saw a new kind of boat built, the trireme. This was a galley with the rowers placed in tiers one above the other, for greater speed. There was a trireme of Greece with one hundred and fifty rowers, in the year 600 B. C.

It cut the waters of the Mediterranean at a wonderful speed, and was more beautiful than any ship we have today.

But the glory of Greece was lost in the triumph of Rome. The Roman nation conquered the Greeks and, with other plunder, stole their ships and their methods of navigation. The Romans were powerful indeed at sea. They enlarged the Greek ships for carrying animals and grain for trade, as well as large crews and passengers. They improved the handling of their ships, being powerful in war as well as in trade. Such devices as topsails, bowsprits, the sailors' knots, lanyards for bracing down the shrouds, and anchors come down to us in the history of sailing ships from these Roman galleys.

The boats of Caesar's fleet had a kind of hurricane deck with a screen to protect the rowers from storms and attack, and a house or shelter at the stern for the commander, like our cabin. There might be a tower of timber built at the bow or stern from which javelins hurled stones at the enemy. The Romans built the first warships.

All these old ships, Egyptian, Phoenician, Greek

and Roman, were built to suit the needs of the people who sailed in them. After a while the captains and the rowers disappeared, their races lost in history, but their ships did not die. Some part of each, the bird's bill in the prow, the bird's wing copied in a sail, stronger timber, bronze and iron, pitch and tar for making it seaworthy were combined. So we step at last, about the year 1000, aboard the dragon ship of the Norsemen.

It was no longer a bird, but modeled like a storied creature of the North who spit fire, had a hundred legs, had also wings, and was never vanquished. The Norse dragon made history as well as legends. The Vikings were the greatest sea rovers we have ever known. When Caesar invaded Britain the Vikings were cruising about, plundering and fishing. They captured many Roman galleys and built their ships like those of the Roman fleet. But the Viking ship had a great figurehead at the prow, the carved head of a dragon. It had a deeper keel and stouter ribs, just as the body of a dragon was stronger than that of a waterfowl. The planks of her sides were overlapped for withstanding the dreadful storms and

rough waves of northern seas. The floor of the dragon ship was broad and flat and there were socket-like holes in the sides for holding the oars in place.

The Viking steered with a rudder which was worked by means of a tiller across the ship. There were decks at each end of the ship. The strong, finely woven woolen sail was still square and decorated in color. The Viking's wooden shields hung along the sides. Carved figures made these northern ships beautiful. The boys of the Viking villages had toy ships, their hulls painted in stripes, their bows carved like those of their fathers. When a Viking warrior died part of his gallant ship was buried with him. We have found their figureheads in the Norse burial mounds.

In the days of William the Conqueror it was the custom of the princesses of Britain to embroider scenes from history on their tapestries. Among these carefully stitched pictures were those of Viking ships which were copied and used by the kings of Britain for many centuries. If we look at pictures of the old whaling ships of our New England

days we see that they resemble the Viking ships in many ways. We come close to America when we study the dragon ship of some ancient Norseman, for in it he crossed the unknown waters of the Atlantic Ocean and touched the shores of our land.

Next we come to the days of King Richard the Lion Hearted, when the stories of the knights began. Ships were launched then to carry pilgrims from England to Palestine, and these were like the Viking models which could not be improved for safety and speed. The only difference between the Vikings' and the Crusaders' boats was that the latter had two castles, instead of a single tower, one at the bow and one at the stern. In these castles the warriors with bows and arrows and javelins were stationed. Along the sides of the ships still hung the shields, but now they were of shining metal emblazoned with the arms of the knights. These British ships flew many colored pennants, and they bristled with the lances of the knights. The single square sail bore a great cross and there might be a carved silver or gold cross at the bow in place of the dragon figure-head.

THE SHIP OF THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS WAS CALLED A CARAVEL

Farther and still farther from their home waters these ancient ships adventured, but there was always the danger of not knowing where they were or how they were to return. About the year 1190 the coasting Crusaders from Britain went as far as the Red Sea. There they met Arabian ships which had a little magic instrument for finding the north, south, east and west. The Arabians had obtained this magic from the Chinese, and were willing to share it with the Crusaders. This instrument was in the form of a little image on a pivot which in turn was mounted on a horizontal lance of iron.

This lance had to be rubbed with a lodestone, which being done, the end of the lance swung to the north. The point of the lance, then, was always directed toward the south. The Arabians floated this instrument in a vessel of water and used it to tell which way to sail. So the compass came to us, and with it the wonderful days of the discoverers. A ship stoutly built and carrying a chart and compass could start out for unknown ports with the chance of success. It was not so very long after this that a boy named Christopher Columbus was born and grew up drawing maps and building ships and looking out to sea from a shipyard of Genoa.

The ship of the days of Columbus was called a caravel. There are two meanings to this, "beautiful one," and "a lobster." Indeed the caravel was at once beautiful and built in the form of a shellfish. She had iron nails instead of wooden pegs, and heavy stiffening timbers running lengthwise in addition to the timbers that made her sides. The single sail of the bird and dragon ships was increased to full rigging. She was as difficult to manage as a lobster is clumsy. Later the caravel was improved and

called a galleon. The galleon was a large vessel of better balance, but still awkward to sail. It was a wonder that the Italian and Spanish vessels ever weathered their voyages to America and her islands.

If we wish to know how the ships of our forefathers were built and looked, we should read Robinson Crusoe. His ship was much like the Mayflower. She was a stoutly built sailing ship with two lugsails, these being four-sided sails, wider at the bottom than at the top. There was probably a lug topsail as well. The tall mast was nearly at the middle and there was a short after-mast. This new sailing plan, with fore and aft sails which could be managed from the deck, came from the Holland shipbuilders.

So the ships of the high seas were launched and their stories began. The carved figure at the prow, the colored sail, the shining lances and shields disappeared. There remained the bird's hope in wing-like sails, and the courage of the Viking dragon. Sailing masters set out for unknown ports with only a dream and a compass to guide them, and the dream came true in the settlement of our country.

The Boy Who Lost His Father

Lief, The Lucky, Sails

His name was Biarni, and you would have known him, if you could have been one of the Vikings in the year 1000, by the pair of wings he wore in his cap.

It seems hard for a boy of today to believe that Biarni should have taken a ship, and tried to find his father, but those were days of our history when the brave Vikings were more at home on the seas than they were on land. They lived in what is known now as Norway and Sweden, bleak and cold and unsheltered.

The boy Biarni was a mountain lad. Tall, strong, fair, and with clear blue eyes, he roamed a barren country, tending a flock of sheep and cattle for a living. There was so little pasture land that the boy had to lead his flock from one place to another in order to find enough grass to keep them alive. While he was doing this, his father was fishing along the

coast, or taking short sailing trips for deep sea fishing.

Sometimes Biarni's father, Herjulf, the Viking, joined a company of other rovers bent on a voyage of discovery. Since there was no way of letting his son know where he was—no mails, telegraph lines, nor even a messenger—there might be months when the two did not see each other.

The Viking boats were wonders of strength with adventure built into every plank and oar. Each of these vessels was as much as fifty feet long with a high bow and stern so that it could ride the waves in safety. A huge dragon was carved at the prow, and there was a great square sail, as well as forty to sixty men taking their turns at the oars.

The crew was bravely dressed in skins and silver ornaments and the winged caps such as Biarni wore. Armed against pirates, without guide or compass except the sun by day and the stars at night, there were few such brave sailors in the world's history. In storms and fogs they did not know where they were, nor if they would live to come home again.

It came about that they began to make trips to

England and France where they struck terror to the people on the seacoasts, robbing their huts and killing their cattle. They began to discover strange islands, and sometimes a few of the Vikings would decide to stay on one of these islands, particularly if it was warmer and offered better hunting and fishing than their homeland. After a while Iceland and Greenland were settled by the Vikings.

Every boy is born with a love of adventure in his heart, and this long-ago Biarni was not different in this respect from the boy of today. He knew of Iceland and of Greenland. Perhaps, he thought, his father might have gone to make a home for his family on some new and strange island. Possibly he was shipwrecked not so far from their own coast. Anyway, Biarni decided to take ship and look for his father.

His was not a planned voyage, so he probably did not have even as much food as the average Viking ship carried. He was a stowaway, very likely, and when he was discovered at sea, the boy was put at the oar and made to work like a man for his passage. He had to coax very hard to get the owner

of the ship, on which he took passage, to search for his father. Imagine, if you can, the freezing cold, the miles of icebergs and fog banks, the driftwood and floating timber that could easily have cut holes through the sides of the ship.

Where and in what direction they sailed, they could hardly tell. Biarni measured the distance in days; each was a threat of death on the next. However, they were astonished to come to less icy waters, and at last a thin line of gray land that turned to green met their eyes. After months of this dangerous voyage, Biarni saw a new island rising from the waters before his weary eyes.

This undiscovered land looked interesting. The dragon ship was rowed nearer until it could almost scrape the sands. There was a slight motion among the forest trees that stood thick and green not far from the beach.

"My father!" shouted Biarni, standing in the bow and holding out his arms toward the moving branches. But what did he see!

It was a sight that no Viking had ever seen before—a red man! Long, straight, black hair braided

with bright feathers! Bronzed, red skin instead of the white skin of the Norsemen! A bow and a quiver of poisoned arrows in place of a Viking's silver-handled sword of hand-wrought steel! It was not to be believed, this vision of a man different from any the northern races had ever seen.

The crew, somehow, believed that it was all the fault of the boy, Biarni, that they had taken this voyage and come upon so queer a shore. They would have thrown the boy overboard then and there save that they had lost several good oarsmen by starvation and cold, and Biarni had still some strength of arm left.

They rowed away swiftly, and Biarni pulled with the men as they went out again into the fog and the cold—chartless, half-starved adventurers of the sea.

Among the Viking rovers who had left Norway was Eric Thorvaldson, better known as Eric the Red. He had come by that name because he was a fighter; just as some persons now do not like to keep the laws of their country but fight and kill in order to have their own way.

This ancient Viking, Eric, wanted his own way

and fought for it. At last he had to flee Norway, and he took ship with some of his friends to try to discover a land of his own where he could live and die as he liked. He fitted up a very fine dragon ship, set sail, and traveled until he came to a great land of ice and snow. They did not wish to stop there, but as their supplies were gone, they must do that or perish.

"We will set up our own country here," decided Eric the Red, "and call it Greenland, so as to attract others among the Vikings to join us."

Like many other settlers, Eric and his company discovered that their home troubles were small as compared to those they met now, but they went boldly to work building shelters, fishing, and hunting.

Eric had a son named Lief, which is pronounced as if it were spelled "life." Like Biarni, Lief loved adventure and spent his days exploring up and down the coast of Greenland. One day he sighted a tattered sail; then a broken dragon prow thrust itself up over the sky line. At last Lief called Eric and his friend, Herjulf, and the other men of the village to come down to the shore to rescue the battered ship

HERJULF CARRIED HIS SON, BIARNI, TO LAND

drifting toward them. From among the half dead crew, Herjulf carried his son, Biarni, to land.

When he was fed and clothed, Biarni told the Vikings of the strange land and the red man he had seen. They could not believe him. It was a sick lad's fancy, they said; but the story stuck in Lief's mind. He was called "Lief, the Lucky," because he had such success in fishing; perhaps he would be so fortunate as to find that wonderful land, he thought, if he were to study Biarni's record of the

days, the stars, and the tides, and then set out toward it. In that same year, 1000, Lief prepared to start out.

How do we know all this?

The Vikings loved stories just as much as boys and girls of today. They called their stories sagas, and there were certain men of the Vikings whose whole business it was to remember all the important happenings of their life and put them into verses which they sang on feast days. Soon, these songs were written instead of sung, and the stories of Biarni, Eric, the Red, and Lief, the Lucky appear in three of these old sagas.

Lief's ship was built to look like the great Gokstad dragon of Viking fairy tales, and was seventy-seven feet long and sixteen feet wide. It was, of course, an open boat with no shelter for the crew except their sleeping bags that were made of oiled seal hide. Instead of ropes they used walrus hide, and the sail was of hand-woven wool. Lief Ericsson set out in this boat for the land Biarni had told him about.

They tried to follow the same course, and after quite as difficult a voyage as that of Biarni, they

came to a treeless, rocky waste of flat stones. Beyond this they found a coast covered with dense forests of pine and oak trees, extending down almost to the edge of the land. The beaches in front of these forests were white as snow, but warmer winds than of the north began to play in the ship's sail. We call that first land of stones Newfoundland and the next coast of the mighty forests, Nova Scotia.

After two days' sailing out in the open sea they went ashore and decided to stay there for the winter. They built great shelters of logs, and named this settlement Vinland. In the spring they started out again, sailing down this coast, passing north of Martha's Vineyard and sailing up into Vineyard Sound. They saw and traded with the strange red men, giving their trinkets of silver in exchange for wampum and the new hard woods to take back to Iceland. When one of their number died, they set up a rude cross on a hill overlooking the sea. They touched even Cape Cod!

Lief, the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, had discovered America almost five hundred years before Columbus touched the West Indies!

The old Viking records tell us that Leif was but twenty-nine years old when he found America. Perhaps if he had come of a race which did not care so much about adventure, he would have stayed and built a kingdom on the red man's shore, but Lief was a son of the sea. It was enough for him that he had gone over the course that Biarni had taken when he was seeking his father; that he had landed and dealt with the red men that none save he and Biarni had seen before. He set off again on his way home to show his wampum and woods. When Eric the Red died, twelve years later, Lief was made king in his place, and finished his days hunting walrus and polar bears.

So the long line of our discoverers started, beginning with a lad, Biarni, who left his cows and sheep to search for his father, and ending—ah, who shall ever know the end? The history of America was set down first in a saga of the Vikings, a story of grapes and green meadows told to the Norse girls and boys in their land of ice and snow.

The Girl Who Sailed a Dragon Ship

Gudrid Ericsson

Gudrid, daughter of a Viking, should have been a boy. She lived in the settlement that the adventuresome Vikings under Eric the Red had made in Greenland. At the time when this story begins Greenland had several thousand settlers from the colder countries of Norway and Iceland.

Green plains made good feeding ground for the sheep and cattle that Gudrid's father raised. His hay crops were so heavy that the stock lived well through the long winter. He carried on trade in fish, oil, butter, skins and wool that were exchanged for meal and malt. Gudrid was looked upon as one of the richest little girls of the town of Brattahlid.

Hers was an odd town, when we compare it with our American towns of today. There were about seventeen houses on the smooth grassy plain, built far apart. Gudrid's house was just like the one in which lived the three boys, Lief, Thorvald, and

Thorstein with whom this little Viking maid played. It was built of great blocks of rough sandstone and the cracks were plastered with a mixture of clay and gravel. Large barns surrounded it so that the family and the farm animals lived together in a kind of quaint friendliness.

When Gudrid wanted to go over to Lief's house for supper and the saga-telling in front of the boy's great fireplace, she jumped on one of the farm horses and rode like one of the Valkyrie, her golden braids flying in the wind and her blue eyes shining. When she came to the home of the three brothers, Lief would hold her bridle and stretch out his strong hand for Gudrid to set her embroidered slipper in as she jumped to the ground. All these boys liked Gudrid. In spite of the embroidered woolen frocks her mother spun and wove for her and her beautiful silver necklace, Gudrid could beat small Thorstein in a race.

Supper with Lief and Thorvald and Thorstein was eaten at a long, common table served by their father's waiting men. Great platters of beef and mutton and hard bread, and silver flagons of home-

brewed ale were placed on the board by these rough looking men, dressed in the skins of beasts. At the head of the table sat the boys' mother, fair-haired, and dressed in a white wool dress with a carved silver girdle. Their father looked a good deal like his servants except that he wore a silver helmet which he sometimes forgot to remove at meals. All the Vikings, young and old, ate with their fingers, and everybody talked at once. There was a great deal of talk of the strange new land at the west called Vinland, to which the boys listened eagerly.

The saga-telling was the story hour. When supper was over, the family, the servants and the children sat about the great fireplace on skins spread upon the stone floor. Huge logs flamed and painted bright lights on the faces of these Norsemen. Then Lief's father began one of the stirring tales of Viking prowess which his father had told him. It had come from his grandfather. Lief and his brothers would learn it and in turn tell it to their children.

Gudrid's fair face grew rosy with interest when she heard stories of the voyages of the Vikings.

They were mighty builders and many of their voyages in their dragon ships led them to far shores. Such an adventure had been the discovery of Vinland on the coast of our America. A calm harbor, a green shore, great timber forests and a wealth of sweet purple grapes had been found. Lief moved nearer to Gudrid as the story of the finding of Vinland came to an end.

"I shall go to Vinland some day," he told her.

"So shall I," the Viking maid answered.

Lief laughed. This was absurd. No daughter of the Vikings had ever made such a voyage as this. "You are only a girl," Lief told Gudrid. "A girl can't go on a voyage of discovery. All you will ever do will be spinning and weaving and waiting here in the village for us, who are great fishermen and boat builders, to come home. Soon, Gudrid, we boys will grow up and take to the sea, but you will remain here all the rest of your days."

Gudrid's eyes filled with tears although she turned away lest the boys see that she was crying. After she had gone home she thought of what Lief had said, and she wondered if he had been right. In a

way, he had, for no Viking maid had ever taken a voyage in a dragon ship. Only in the sagas of the North did Brunhilde ride so far away from home and the warlike Valkyrie carry heroes through the sky to the heights of Valhalla.

The everyday Viking girl tended the home kitchen and learned how to weave wool from her father's sheep into beautiful colored cloth. She sat on the banks of the fjord in the sunshine and waited for the boys to bring in their great haul of herrings, singing as they came. Perhaps Lief had been right. But no, he should not be, Gudrid decided. She was going to have an adventure! She would be a good cook and a good needlewoman and a sailor, too. She would make her life a saga.

Gudrid did not say this aloud though. If she had, even little Thorstein Ericsson would have laughed at her.

Soon Gudrid grew to be a young girl and the Ericsson boys became young Vikings. A great new ship was built in the village of Brattahlid in the year 1000 for Lief Ericsson who was about to make a voyage to Vinland in America. She was eighty

feet long with twenty ribs, and was clinker built. This means that there were plates on her sides which overlapped, as the shingles of a house overlap, to make it strong. The keel was deep and made of thick oak beams. There were many seats for the rowers. She was made in the shape of a dragon, long and low, with the gilded head of this strange creature at the bow. The oars which were twenty feet long were cut in the shape of the dragon's legs. Over the sides of the vessel hung great shields which might have been the dragon's scales, and the sails which were painted in stripes of red and blue were cut in the shape of wings.

Gudrid watched the launching of the ship and saw Lief with his crew of hardy young men sail away toward the shore of America. He did not wave back to her in response to her farewell. Gudrid was still only a girl, he thought, and not worth the notice of the captain of a ship. We know of the success of Lief Ericsson's trip to Vinland. In the year following he returned with a fine cargo of lumber and mighty tales of the fertile land he had reached. It thrilled Lief's brother, Thorvald. Thor-

vald borrowed the dragon ship and he, also, made the voyage to Vinland. Gudrid saw Thorvald sail, and he, too, forgot to say good-bye to the playmate of his little-boy days, in the thrill of his sailing.

Now Thorstein and Gudrid were left of the four friends, and like the young brother in a fairy tale who marries the princess, Thorstein saw how beautiful and desirable and brave was Gudrid. There was a gay wedding in the banqueting hall of Gudrid's home soon after Thorvald sailed away. The first thought of Thorstein and his young wife, Gudrid, was that they would go together to Vinland. Thorstein wanted to see the mighty forest trees of which his brothers had told him. Gudrid thought what fun it would be to do her spinning and sewing in the sunshine of her own grape arbor. She thought, also that she would show Lief and Thorvald that a girl may have an adventure as well as a boy.

An old Norse saga tells us Gudrid's brave story. When Thorvald Ericsson returned in triumph to Brattahlid in the spring of the year 1004, he gave the same dragon ship which Lief had built to his

younger brother and in it young Thorstein Ericsson and his bride, Gudrid, set out for America. Fancy the trip for Gudrid Ericsson, still so young that she wore her yellow hair in braids! There was no shelter save the sail of the ship. They came into a storm almost at once. All the way they had such foul weather that many of the crew were drowned or died of exposure. Then Thorstein died, and Gudrid, now captain of the dragon ship, turned her about and returned in sadness to Greenland without having touched the shore of Vinland.

Almost any woman would have given up at this trouble, but not Gudrid. The next summer there arrived a stranger in the village, one Thorlfinn Karlsefni, who was said to be descended from kings in the North. He came to Brattahlid in the largest Viking ship ever seen off the coast of Greenland. He brought great wealth in silver and gold ornaments and coin.

He thought he had never seen so sweet a daughter of the Northmen as Gudrid, and he promptly asked her to be his bride.

So that is the reason there was a second wedding

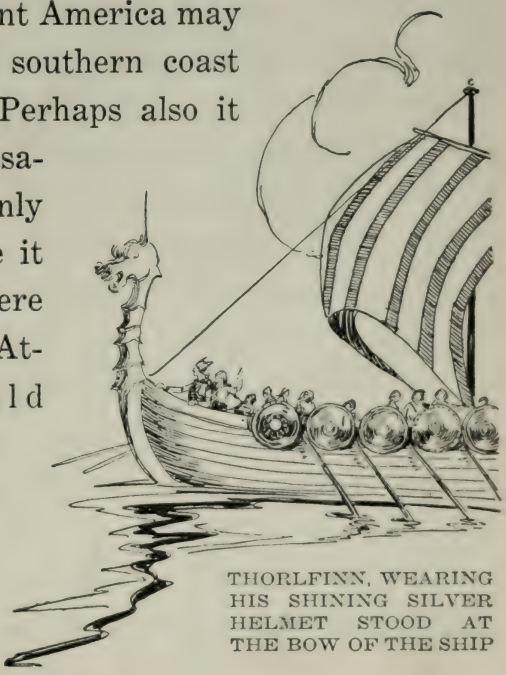
party and Gudrid was married to Thorlfinn. This time it was a case of the prince marrying a goose girl, but Thorlfinn loved Gudrid so dearly that he did just what she asked of him. He set sail at once in his own mighty ship for Vinland taking Gudrid with him.

This was a different sailing from that of the ill fated Thorstein. Thorlfinn Karlsefni set sail with three other ships besides his own. The sagas tell us that his crew numbered one hundred and sixty men and the women servants of Gudrid. They carried a herd of cattle and a flock of sheep, spinning wheels, looms and tools for building. When the ships lifted sail the entire village came down to the shore to bid the adventurers Godspeed. Thorlfinn, wearing his shining silver helmet, stood at the bow of the first ship with the slender, golden haired Viking girl at his side. Until nothing could be seen save the red of the sails against the blue water, the villagers shouted and waved their good wishes to the two.

With no compass and no chart except the stars, these adventurers sailed westward in the year of

1007, Thorlfinn's dragon ship in the lead. Gudrid stood patiently at the bow, her blue eyes straining to see the new land she hoped to reach. When she saw the rocks and green woods of what may have been our Cape Cod her dream came true. A Viking woman had come on a voyage of discovery and would be the first of her race to set foot in Vinland. The hardships she had borne were forgotten in the joy of her adventure.

Vinland of ancient America may have been on the southern coast of Nova Scotia. Perhaps also it was a part of Massachusetts. The only way we can locate it is by thinking where on our northern Atlantic coast wild grapes grow best and the salmon is plentiful, and larger than any the Vikings had



THORLFINN, WEARING HIS SHINING SILVER HELMET STOOD AT THE BOW OF THE SHIP

ever speared before. When they returned home the Northmen wrote about the grapes and the salmon of our country.

It was necessary to cut down trees and build huts. A few of the huts left by Lief Ericsson's party were there but they had fallen into decay. Grain was found. Gudrid called it self-sown wheat and ground it into flour of which she made bread. It must have been our corn. There came a harvest day in Vinland when the stern of one of the dragon ships was filled to overflowing with bunches of ripe grapes. Little Snorro, the first American boy of whom history speaks, was helping his mother, Gudrid, and his father, Thorlfinn, carry the bunches of grapes down to the ship. They planned to celebrate a kind of thanksgiving aboard her that day, singing some of the old sagas which Snorro had never heard.

Snorro was three years old, as fair of face and hair as his father and mother, and his eyes were as blue as the sky. The Indians nearby looked upon the Vikings as strange creatures from another earth. Gudrid gave the Indians strips of scarlet cloth in payment for the furs in which she dressed

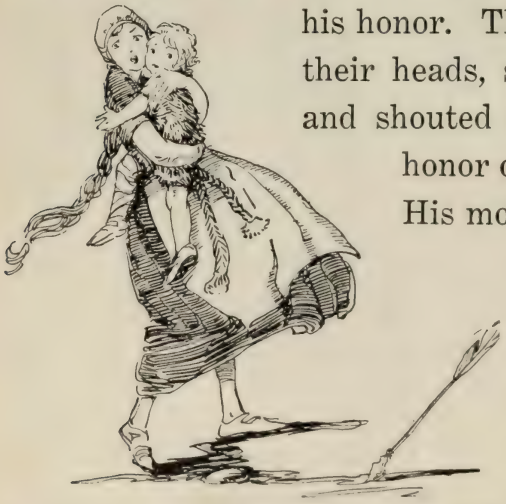
her little boy, but even red cloth had not made peace of late with the Indians. Thorlfinn's cattle frightened them. They had never seen a herd until Gudrid's milch cow wandered into the woods near their hut and scared the Indians by her gentle mooing. The redskins had run away in terror and when they next came to the small Vinland settlement they brought their bows and stone tipped arrows. But little Snorro had run to greet them as his friends and there was no danger for the moment.

There might have been a Viking Thanksgiving Day six hundred years before that of the Pilgrims, but something unexpected happened. As little Snorro trudged to the shore with his arms full of fruit a swift arrow flew from the forest behind him and buried itself in the sand beside him. The Indians had decided that this small towheaded boy and his mother's mooing cow were spirits of evil who should be destroyed. Gudrid was close to her son. She picked him up and held him to her breast. In that second, she felt that her adventure was over.

"Take us home to our own land," she begged Thorlfinn. "My boy must live to sing the sagas of

the North. I have no further wish to stay in Vinland."

This ended the attempt of Thorlfinn and Gudrid to build a town in Vinland. They sailed home with a good cargo of timber and furs and with little Snorro, the first American boy, who was the greatest wealth they could have brought. The village came down the fjord to welcome them home as it had told them good-bye. Snorro was passed from one Viking's arms to another's and then carried to his grandfather's home where a feast was held in his honor. They held him above their heads, seated on a shield, and shouted a boating song in honor of his home coming. His mother, Gudrid, stood at one side beside her noble husband watching the little Viking's triumph. Of all the daughters of the North she



"I HAVE NO FURTHER WISH TO STAY IN VINLAND"

was most proud. She had lived a saga and now her son would sing it. The saga of a girl who had sailed in a dragon ship to the shore of her dreams.

Snorro grew up to be a great comfort and joy to the Northmen. He never returned to America but took up the work of his ancestors, farming, fishing and boat building. Many great people trace their relationship to Snorro; bishops, teachers, governors of Iceland and ministers of state in Norway and Denmark. Boys and girls of today have seen copies of the celebrated sculpture of Thorwaldsen. He, also, was descended from Snorro, son of Gudrid.

The Boy Christopher Columbus Loved

Don Diego Columbus, Page

The road was very dusty and the heat so intense that the stones burned the lad's feet. He wore no hat. Whatever may have been his head covering during the long months he and his father, hand in hand, had wandered the roads of Spain, it was gone now. Perhaps its rags, and those of their worn garments had been seized upon by eager birds for their nest building. He was hungry as well as tired and warm. In fact neither Diego nor his father had tasted food since the day before and then only some fruit and a cup of goat's milk begged from a passing herdsman. But the boy trudged valiantly on trying to keep up with his father's stride. Not a complaint nor a whimper, for was he not a little admiral!

"If Uncle Bartholomew's charts are correct," Diego at last ventured after his father's long silence had become almost unbearable, "we shall soon come to the edge of the world and fall off."

"Nay, be still, lad! Are you not ashamed of yourself to have so little faith in me?" his father said sternly. "Because a stupid king and queen have kept me waiting for seven years for a little gold for proving that Bartholomew's maps are wrong, and our earth is not square but round, can you not believe in your father, Diego?"

The lad reached up and put his arms around his father's bowed shoulders trying not to see the tears of discouragement that filled the man's eyes.

"Forgive me, father! I do believe in you! Even if Uncle Bartholomew is the honored printer of geography and charts in Lisbon, that does not make his pictures of the world, which he draws in the form of a cube, correct. Even if Uncle Bartholomew has sailed to the coast of Africa and the magic Spice Islands, you, my father, will sail farther, and I shall go with you and stand beside you at the prow of your ship."

"My good little lad!" his father stroked Diego's dark hair. "We, too, shall see the Blessed Islands, the Canaries, of which stories have been told since the ancient Phoenicians rowed their galleys there

and peopled them. Elysian fields, indeed, my Diego, and they only wait for some undaunted mariner to seek them and then go on farther to an unknown mainland that lies to their west."

The two weary travelers had come to an old stone wall about a grove of olive trees, and they sat down in its shade. "Tell me again about those islands of the Blessed," Diego begged. He had heard their story ever since he was a boy of five, but he never tired of it.

"That was their name on the oldest maps," his father told him. "But the blind Homer wrote of them as the Elysian fields, and Plutarch called them The Fortunate Islands. It is said to be always summer among their groves and fields of flowers, save that here and there are tall mountains on whose tops the snow never melts. Of late years, as your uncle has told you, these islands are called the Canaria, because they are said to be the home of some mammoth dogs, friendly, but as large as wolves."

"And when you reach these islands, father?" Diego asked, for he wanted the story to be finished.

The man raised his fearless eyes, set like two fiery

coals in the gaunt hollow of his face, toward the sun. "I shall not remain there as did the leisure loving Phoenicians, Diego, but shall sail on until I reach the New World that I know awaits me."

The New World! Spain and Portugal and France and England all dreamed of such a place, each its discoverer and conqueror. Strong sails were being woven now for the merchant ships which voyaged each year more boldly and farther away from familiar shores. The spirit of the Viking sea rovers had inspired the mariners of the warmer lands to follow their adventuresome courses, always with the dread that they might some morning slip off the edge of the world into oblivion.

But this unknown world of endless summer, strange peoples, fragrant spices and the thrill of discovery, seemed very far away from Diego's vision as he and his father arose from their resting place beside the wall and took their way once more along the road. Food and a bed, no matter how hard it might be, seemed more precious to Diego than anything else the earth might hold.

The burning noon blazed into the long afternoon

and then the sun went down like a charring volcano. They had found no spring all day and their thirst for water was cruel. His father wanted to carry Diego but the boy refused. It was the boy who saw, just as the dusk was upon them, a small brown gate in a wall with a tiny silver bell hanging within hand's reach. Indeed the wood around the bell was worn as smooth as if it had been polished by the hands that had fumbled to find it.

"Now here, like a gift from Heaven, is a monastery!" exclaimed the man. "I think it is the convent of La Rabida. I will ring the bell and ask for shelter for us, and supper."

The tinkling note of the bell had hardly sounded when the gate was swung wide and a monk in his brown habit beckoned kindly to the two to enter the garden that lay like an oasis inside. A fountain flung its shower of crystal drops before them. Soft grass led them between flowering beds to the gray walled building from which came pleasant odors of food. There was a long refectory table set with earthenware bowls of bread and figs and mugs of milk. The boy and his father were too weak to do

more than thank the kind brothers until they had eaten. Then the man explained to the monks that they had traveled far on a mission. They were not the ordinary beggars of Spain, but would-be discovers waiting for a grant for a ship these many years, from Queen Isabella, and asking no alms unless they could not feed themselves.

"I am the Admiral of whom you may have heard," Diego's father told the monk who had admitted them, "who is thought a fool for believing that the world is round, Don Christopher Columbus at your mercy. And Don Diego Columbus, my son, not yet twelve years old."

"I WILL RING THE BELL AND ASK FOR SHELTER"

The monk was interested and amazed. He had been at the Spanish court as a confessor

to the queen, and he still had much influence there. When Christopher Columbus told of his intention to go on to France and ask there for the ships for his venture, the monk at La Rabida urged him to remain at the monastery while he went to Queen Isabella to use his influence and try to obtain funds.

So Diego and his father rested for a while within the peaceful walls of the old monastery until this monk had journeyed to the Spanish capital and returned. He had been successful. Queen Isabella had been persuaded to give another audience to the Admiral. Christopher Columbus was granted three ships at the little town of Palos. One, the Santa Maria, was ninety feet long and twenty feet wide, with a covered deck. The other two were what was known as caravels, small merchant ships. Men and water and food were provided, and on an August morning of the year 1492 the Admiral set sail upon the Sea of Darkness, straight towards the Islands of the Blessed and the death that lurked at the edge of the world.

It was an adventure upon which men scarcely dared embark. Some of Admiral Columbus' sailors

had to be driven aboard his ships at the orders of the queen. It was the first time in many seasons that the elder and the little admiral had been separated. Diego and his father had walked and shared their bread and their stories and dreams together all this time. When Diego had gone for a brief visit to his Uncle Bartholomew's printing shop in Lisbon, or spent a little time at his Aunt Brigalaya's farm, he returned with a new interest in the trip he hoped to take with his father, for was he not the eldest son of the Columbus line, the young Admiral by inheritance?

But that summer when the three brave little ships sailed into the unknown horizon from Spain, the monk who had helped so much in starting the expedition found a little boy crying in the garden of the monastery of La Rabida. He did not need to ask the reason for those tears. He laid a kind hand on Diego's shoulder. "Be brave, Admiral Diego," he said. "Did your father by any chance leave word with you before he sailed?"

Diego looked up and tried not to let his lips quiver as he spoke. "My father said, 'Be a help to your

mother, and be to your brother Ferdinand as an older brother should be to a younger one.' "

"Now that is good to remember, Don Diego," said the monk. "It is time for you to be about the business your father set you, and I believe that I shall be able to help you. When I was in the capital I heard that there was need at the court of their royal highnesses, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, for a page for the young prince Don Juan. There is a fair wage for such service. Shall I not again appeal to the good Queen Isabella, asking her that she extend her grace to the son of Christopher Columbus and give him a position at court as the servant of the little prince?"

This is how it came about that while his father was sailing a perilous and uncharted ocean, Diego was giving the hard service demanded in the cruel old Spanish court as the attendant and playmate of Prince Don Juan. The prince was a boy a bit younger than he, but years older in experience and selfishness and the same cruel spirit that marked the Spanish Inquisition. Diego must carry and tend playthings but never enjoy them. He was the servant

but not the sharer of the wonderful entertainments planned for the little Don Juan. He must take care of the prince's hunting hawks and never join in the hunt. He must learn the prince's lessons for him, take his punishments when he, himself, had done no wrong. It was a hard life for a boy who felt the spirit of an admiral, but Diego never once failed to do his duty and his wages brought comfort to his mother and to the younger boy, Ferdinand, who had been commended to Diego's care.

Weeks and then months passed, and no word came from the three small sailing ships that had left Palos in August. Diego was sure that his father was lost. Little Don Juan died but showed that he loved his page at the last, and clung to him, begging his queen mother to keep Diego at the court with her. So it came about that Don Diego was made the page of Queen Isabella. Seated at the foot of her throne, he waited each day for news of his father, hoping, but with no grounds for hope, that Don Christopher Columbus would come home to his son.

Diego Columbus was known, not as the son of his father, but only as a trustworthy page. He must

be ready to do errands, wait upon the queen, carry messages silently, promptly, honestly. So when it happened that he was entrusted with a roll of parchment by a messenger at the gates of the palace and he recognized the markings of the ship Santa Maria on its fastenings, he must not so much as breathe his interest in it. Winter had come. Suppose this roll of parchment brought news of his father's loss in some ice-bound sea! Diego's hands trembled as he gave the message to Queen Isabella, but he stood like a hero carved in marble beside the throne when it was read.

"I, Christopher Columbus, mariner, discovered a New World on October 12th, 1492. These islands beyond the Canaries are green at all seasons, blossoming and bearing fruit as in Spain in May. There are groves everywhere and the nightingales sing in countless numbers. We have found seven or eight different kinds of palm trees, different flavors of honey, mountains, plains and fertile fields.

But our great wonder is at the natives. They are very well built with handsome bodies and good faces. Their hair is almost as coarse as horses' tails and short, and they wear it over the eyebrows, ex-

cept a small quantity behind, which they wear long and never cut. Some paint themselves blackish, and they are the color of the inhabitants of the Canaries, neither black nor white, and some paint themselves white or red, or any color they have—some all over the body and some only on the face.

"I knew they were a people who would better be reached by love than force. They came to the ship in canoes that were fashioned from the trunks of trees, like a long boat and all in one piece, forty or fifty feet long. They rowed with paddles and if a boat turned over, these natives swam about it and baled it out with dry gourds which they carried in readiness. When they came aboard I gave them some red caps and some glass beads and many other trinkets of small value, with which they were greatly pleased. They afterward came in their boats to the two ships where we were, bringing us parrots and cotton thread wound in balls, and spears, and many fruits, and they traded these with us for more glass beads and hawks' bells.

"They seem to have no iron, and carry no arms but wooden spears tipped with sharks' teeth. I

know they are not familiar with swords, for they cut themselves on mine when I showed it to their chief. Some had gold suspended from the nose by a ring, and they told me by motions that there is a land farther south where gold abounds and where the king has a vessel all of gold in which he sails. Dogs there are in plenty in their villages, large mastiffs and what we would call little lap dogs, and the natives are very kind to them.

"These people have laid aside all fear, none of them refusing anything they possess, and exhibiting great love towards all others, in preference to themselves."

As the reading continued Diego could hardly hear, because his heart was beating so loudly. His father was alive, and a discoverer of a New World, and would come back to Spain in due time! He was one of the crowd that lined the highway to greet Christopher Columbus on his triumphant way through the countryside and villages. First came these strange dark natives, then sailors carrying parrots and foreign fruits, and last the Admiral himself bearing so proudly his new map showing that Uncle

Bartholomew was wrong. One would never fall off the other side of the earth. It was a wonderful round world!

There is very little more of the story of Don Diego Columbus, page at the court of Spain. He did what his father asked. He was a good brother to Ferdinand, even to letting Ferdinand go on the fourth voyage with their father before he was fifteen years old. We read in old papers that Don Diego Columbus made a grant of enough size to take care of his Aunt Brigalaya for life. It was his son, Diego, whom Christopher Columbus asked in his last will and testament to administer the wealth he had accumulated and pay his debts. But there is a scrap of paper that tells boys and girls of today that this Spanish lad made an adventure of his life. It reads: "There is no record of Diego's even expressing his desire to go with his father."

Can boys and girls of today understand this great struggle Christopher Columbus' little lad had with himself?

The Boy for Whom Our Country Was Named

Amerigo Vespucci

Amerigo Vespucci was star gazing again. A boy of old Florence, olive skinned, black haired and with dark eyes was Amerigo. His school books were under his arms as he sat in the sunshine of the ancient Ponte Vecchio, one of Florence's famous bridges, and looked down into the yellow water of the River Arno. He went to the monastery school of his uncle Giorgio, a Dominican monk, and his father wished him to make a good record for himself in the study of Latin.

Amerigo's family was old and respected in Florence and rich as well. His brothers, Antonio and Jerome, had done well in school. Indeed Antonio had been sent to the university at Pisa and Jerome was so expert in numbers that a place had been found for him with a wealthy trader at Palestine. Amerigo was not by any means a dull boy, but he

had this habit of finding a spot where at the end of day he could watch for the stars to shine out in the night sky. There he would sit and study the constellations when he should have been learning Latin verbs for the next day. He was often in disgrace with his Uncle Giorgio who thought a boy should be well grounded in the classics.

"Your name, Amerigo," Giorgio Antonio, this Dominican monk would say sternly to the boy, "means 'The Steadfast'. Are you of a mind to bring disgrace upon so noble a name?"

The lad always said "No" to this. He wanted to be steadfast, but he found his school books uninteresting. The ancient city of Florence was full of thrilling events and beautiful pictures to attract him. The old Ponte Vecchio bridge where he sat was the covered way across the Arno between two places in which rival noblemen lived. Soldiers in mail, princes in silks and velvets, monks in gray cloaks and the craft workers who wrought silver and gold and jewels, crossed it before the lad's eyes. As the dusk came down and shut out everything but the sky and its reflection in the water, foot

passengers with small metal lanterns hurried over the bridge. The glimmering lights from these lanterns were like stars. It seemed to Amerigo that he was swimming in a sea of constellations. He dropped his books and gave himself up to a study of the heavens.

"Have a care or these books will be stolen, sire." Amerigo started at the voice and saw a man in a shabby green doublet and worn breeches at his side. He, too, carried a lantern in one hand. Under his arm he held a roll of parchment. "Take them, then; sell the books and buy yourself bread, good man," Amerigo told the stranger in a fit of impatience. "I would never see a Latin verb again. I was about to toss my school books into the river."

The man opened one book and turned its parchment pages as if it were precious. "Would you throw away the key to the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, my son?" he asked. "That key would unlock great treasure to you."

"Be off with your tales," Amerigo said angrily, rising to his feet and peering into the old man's wrinkled face in the light of the lantern. "You are

"I WOULD NEVER SEE A LATIN VERB AGAIN"

one of Florence's lying soothsayers, every one of whom should be stoned from our streets. Surely I want a key to treasure, but I fail to see how a dull school book will give it to me."

"Patience, my young cock," the stranger said, laying one finger on a page of figures in the book. He pointed to the sky in which the stars were clear and made a pattern of Orion, the Pleiades, and the two Dippers. Then he gave the book back to Amerigo and unrolled one of the pieces of vellum he carried. It was an odd map. The land of Cathay was drawn in lines of gold. Cathay, the old name of China, was

the goal at that time of all the traders. There was no land on the map where America lies. This map was crossed and criss-crossed with lines. The map maker touched these lines and pointed to the sky.

"Only through learning the chart of the sky can we make a map of the earth," he explained. "Here are the boundaries of the world as we astronomers draw them from the boundaries of the heavens. Ships sail by the stars. New worlds will be discovered also by the stars. All this learning is a matter of numbers, and the names of the constellations are best set down in Latin. Latitude and longitude govern the world." As he stopped speaking the star gazer started to roll up his maps, but Amerigo grasped them eagerly.

"Pardon," he begged, "I am only a stupid boy who does not like to study. I will pay better heed to numbers if they will help me to follow the pattern the stars make in the sky. Teach me, good sir, what you have learned of the constellations and how to draw maps from them."

That was the beginning of Amerigo Vespucci's great adventure. His Uncle Giorgio never under-

stood his nephew's new interest in figures. "He is thinking of going to work in the great trading house of The Medici here in Florence," he said to Lisabetta, Amerigo's mother. "He wants plenty of ducats to spend on new doublets and silver chains like his brother, Jerome. He will never be a scholar." In a way the monk was right. Amerigo never did progress very far in school. He became proficient in figures and was taken into the great commercial firm of The Medici. But he was still a star gazer. The Medici had ships and traders in Spain. Spain was at this time a country of great sea power. Learned men were writing geography and drawing maps in Spain. Amerigo wanted some day to sail to Spain.

He did not earn large wages in The Medici's counting house. All he earned above a small stipend for bread and olives and his bed, he saved to buy maps. At one time he spent his savings, one hundred and thirty gold ducats, for a map. When his day's work was through, he studied all the parchment writings on geography he could find, and he drew maps using the stars to guide him. He was a steady, de-

pendable worker. This is why he had a chance after a number of years to take a trip to Spain. This was between midsummer of the year, 1489 and the end of 1491. The Medici sent Amerigo Vespucci at this time to Barcelona as their trusted agent.

He returned with this business so well done, that he was once more sent on a voyage to Spain and stayed there in charge of what we of today would call a branch office of The Medici business at Seville. He had known the former head of this Medici branch at Seville, one Berardi, who had introduced him to the hero of the day in Spain, Admiral Columbus. Berardi had fitted out the ships in which Admiral Columbus' first expedition sailed. Now came Amerigo's chance to have a share in the stirring adventure of Spanish discovery. He was asked to fit out the ships for Columbus' second voyage.

He was much on board these sailing ships testing sailcloth, measuring masts and making lists of supplies. There he came to know a boy, named Diego Columbus, who often came to watch the work on his father's ships. He was a fine young lad, as interested in maps and stars as Amerigo had been

when he was Diego's age. Together the astronomer and the boy pored over the ships' charts, traced the map of the sky at night and told each other how they longed to make a trip to the New World which the elder Columbus had found.

This brought Amerigo Vespucci to the attention of Admiral Columbus. "My son, Diego, tells me that you can sail a ship by the stars. Spain needs a pilot," he told the astronomer. "If you can lead a ship in safety to the New World by studying your star maps, you will be well paid for it." So Amerigo Vespucci learned that he might make his star gazing useful.

Spain and Portugal sent several fleets in the direction Columbus followed. Amerigo Vespucci sailed on four of these trips from the years 1497 to 1505, twice for Spain and twice for Portugal. His first voyages were as pilot. When the dark came upon the trackless waters like a thick curtain, Vespucci took his place at the bow of the little ship which led the fleet and guided its rudder by the path of the stars in the night sky. When there was a fierce storm, he must try to imagine the places of the

stars which were obscured by clouds. Gales beat in great waves against the star pilot. He must not move from or sleep at his post. Sometimes the sailors were ready to kill him if the ship was blown out of its course, thinking their danger was due to him. But the boy who had been given the name of "The Steadfast" gave that name to history when Amerigo Vespucci brought his ships safe to the coast of America.

We know that Columbus and Vespucci were friends, but neither knew before he died what their discoveries meant for the world. Amerigo Vespucci touched and explored the northern coast of South America from some point which is now the northern coast of Brazil, as far as the gulf of Maracaibo. He proved how important a study of the stars is in navigation. He also wrote two letters about his voyages, one to his school friend, Piero Soderini, and the other to his old employer in Florence, Lorenzo Francesco de Medici.

These letters turned out to be very important. Ancient, tattered, and yellow, they were translated at last and they proved that Amerigo Vespucci had

been "The Steadfast" always. He had never tried to detract from the triumph of Christopher Columbus, his friend. He had never thought that the New World, of which he wrote in these letters, should be named for him. The name Amerigus, and then America, for our continent was the thought of persons who read Amerigo Vespucci's letters a long time after he died.

They were not only important but interesting letters. Amerigo told in them of an odd place which he called "Little Venice" in the New World he had touched. This was an ancient Indian town off the coast of South America and built over the water as Venice is built along canals. He wrote that there were about fifty large wooden houses like forts supported by great tree trunks above the water. Bridges, also of logs, which could be drawn up in case of attack, connected these Indian houses. He wrote of other strange sights of the New World. He saw flying fish of many colors, wild animals unknown to Spain, rare jungle flowers, new fruits, and dark skinned natives who fought with bows and arrows. Amerigo Vespucci wanted very much to

write an adventure book about all this, and fill it with star maps which would guide other captains to the New World. This is how he finished one of these letters: "If God shall spare my life I will settle down in my old home in Florence, and with the aid and counsel of learned men, complete a book of my travels."

This book was never written. Spain decided to have a new officer of the crown who would be called a pilot major. This officer would have a large salary and important things to do. He would examine all men and boys who wanted to be pilots on sailing ships, testing their knowledge of the stars and their ability to read star maps and steer a ship by these. No person should be given the post of ship's pilot unless he passed this examination. Amerigo Vespucci was Spain's pilot major, and filled the position with much honor at Seville for the rest of his life.

Whether the persons who decided to name our land America realized what the word "Amerigus" meant we cannot tell. It comes from still another source "Amalrich" in the German, and "Amaury" in

the French, which mean "steadfast". But Amerigo Vespucci was a steadfast boy and the same kind of discoverer, and we are a great and steadfast nation. It is a good and prideful name both for the star gazing lad of old Florence and for our beloved country.

The Boy to Whom a Fountain Spoke

Juan Ponce de Leon Discovers Florida

Juan Ponce, a young page at the court of Spain, was not happy. He found it very pleasant to sit at the feet of Queen Isabella in her silken tent in the palace grounds, lazily fanning her or holding her favorite falcon by its silver chain. But when the pages assembled each morning in the courtyard for training in shooting at a mark, drilling and fencing, Juan found himself at a great disadvantage. He did not like soldiering, and this was unfortunate because the Moors were marching against Granada and King Ferdinand needed soldiers.

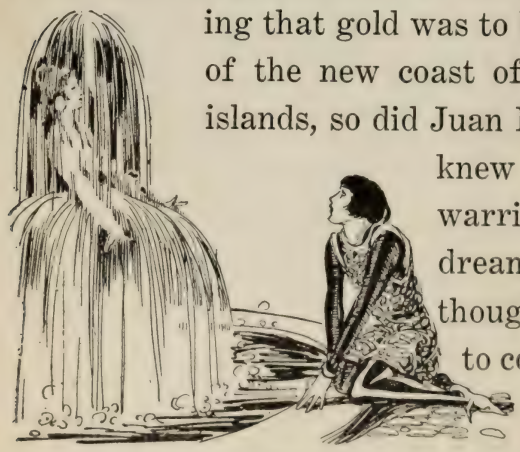
Some boys are born dreamers, and such a boy was this Juan Ponce of the old Andalusian house of Leon. When he was about ten years old his father had sent him alone to learn the art of arms as a page in the castle of Pero Numez de Guzman, the Senor of Toral in Spain. But here Juan had proved himself anything but an apt pupil. There was a tin-

kling fountain that poured its rain of crystal drops in the sunlight of Senor Pero's garden, and there Juan and the other pages loved to gather, lying full length on the grass and listening to the tale of wonder the fountain told them.

Since the days when legends were first heard, a fountain had been the dwelling place of mysterious creatures, nymphs, imprisoned naiads of the seas and streams, the frolicsome little nixy, the peri, and the mermaid. All these quaint and delightful creatures were seen by Juan in fancy in the castle fountain. The white mist of the water was their flying hair and the rainbow colored drops clothed them in fairylike garments. When the moon silvered the castle garden, there was one exceedingly beautiful creature who rose from the old stone basin and stood within the waters of the fountain stretching out her arms to Juan. No one else ever saw this spirit of the fountain but she followed Juan Ponce to Granada and appeared to him in the fountain there. When he was a youth and must march with his king against the army of the cruel Moors, she stood before him in his dreams and gave him courage. She seemed to be

trying to tell him something, but he was never able to understand perfectly her message. Then he grew too old for believing in nymphs, naiads, and the mysterious waters of Granada. Juan Ponce of the family of Leon decided to be a discoverer.

He was born about the year 1460. It is probable that he was present in the tent of Queen Isabella when the great navigator, Christopher Columbus, was turned away and sadly left Spain without hope of returning again. He was familiar with the great discovery that proved Columbus right. As almost every Spanish gentleman of that time had the feeling that gold was to be dug in the sand of the new coast of America and its islands, so did Juan Ponce believe. He knew that he was not a warrior but he had a dream. Perhaps, he thought, there was a way to conquer and win the wealth of America without recourse to arms.



THERE WAS ONE EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL CREATURE WHO ROSE FROM THE OLD STONE BASIN

Christopher Columbus made a second voyage to our coast in the year 1493, and Juan Ponce sailed with him. Returning to Spain, he was appointed military governor in the West Indies. He was stationed at Haiti, and one day as he stood on the shore he saw in the distance another island of such color and sunlight that it reminded him of the fairy tales he had loved when he was a small page in Spain. We of today know this island of Porto Rico as a fairylike spot.

Years of living in close touch with the grasping Spaniards of the New World had taught Juan Ponce their cruelty. He, also, owned a pack of bloodhounds to track down the fleeing Indians. He had soldiers who plundered and burned the native houses and sold the peaceful Indians into slavery in the name of Spain. Juan Ponce saw this new island of Porto Rico as a place of further conquest, and he sailed to it prepared to take and hold it for his own.

Ancient America had almost as many different kinds of inhabitants as Europe. There were Indians on this island kingdom of Boriquen, as Porto Rico was called then, who were as wonderful as the Incas

and the Aztecs. When the expedition in charge of Juan Ponce landed on Boriquen, it showed patterns of green fields and groves of fruit trees. Stone dwelling houses of fair proportions and beautifully laid out gardens met the Spanish gentleman's eyes. A race of bronzed, straight, peace loving Indians made him welcome. Juan Ponce became so interested in his new surroundings that he forgot that he had come to kill and steal in the name of the crown of Spain.

The Indians of Boriquen were expert stone carvers. At the base of one of the tall mountains they had carved a great man of stone, his feet in the earth and his massive form holding the mountain on his shoulders. As the white men looked at this Indian Atlas, his body, features and garments cut with small stone tools from solid rock, they knew they had found a greater race than their own.

Juan Ponce was entertained in the homes of Boriquen. There he saw colored pottery for holding the foods he was offered, carved stone vases full of fragrant lilies and roses, great stone stools with carved designs, enormous mealing stones, patterned neck-

laces, collars, amulets, beads and masks cut from stone. All these beautiful things have been lost in the conquest of the Indians, but at the time of the Spanish explorations there were in all the world no stone carvers like these ancient people of the island of Boriquen.

Juan Ponce's family name meant lion. He must have been lion-hearted rather than ferocious by nature, for you will remember he had never wanted to fight, and he was still a dreamer. We are told in the writings he left about his travels that he resolved to live among the stone cutters of Boriquen for the rest of his life. He built a white stone house on top of a hill for himself, his wife, Donna Inez, his two daughters and his little son. This was called the Casa Blanca, and the hill on which it stood was named by Juan Ponce the Hill of Highest Thanks.

Indeed he had a great deal for which to be thankful. Below the hill lay field upon field of golden corn ripening in the warm sun. Pineapples, the cocoa bean, the alligator pear, and such dainty meats as the white fleshed lizard, wild parrots, and hogs were free for all. The medicine men of Boriquen were

skilled in the healing use of the roots and bulbs of the field lilies for fevers, and knew how to distill cooling drinks from fruits, so everyone in Boriquen was healthy. There was a Boriquen "Book of Books," its words cut with a bit of sharp stone on pages of birch bark, that taught the Spaniards the golden rule. There was no gold to be missed on this island, but the Indians taught Juan Ponce and his friends how little gold counts in comparison with fertile soil, the desire to work, and the skill of this ancient people in making beautiful things from hard stone. A wandering Spanish discoverer had found the treasure of content.

So Juan Ponce lived on this island of the West Indies until he began to grow old. And with his advancing years came the memory of his boyhood days as a page and the legends of old Spain. Stories were told there in Boriquen by the Indians; one in particular was about a land that lay toward the north to which warriors and adventurers sailed and never returned. This land was said to be so beautiful that voyagers touching its shores forgot their homes and had no desire ever to leave it. If they

were weary, it rested them. If they were wounded, they found healing. Over and over Juan Ponce listened to the tale of this magic land. But like the Elysian Fields of the Greeks and the Valhalla of the Siegfrid tales, there was no sure route mapped out for it.

One day when the estate of Juan Ponce was humming with the pleasant work of the fall harvest, when the barns were bursting with grain, and ripe fruit lay on the ground because there was too much to be gathered, a stranger asked for the master at the gate of the Casa Blanco. She was a Carib woman, wrinkled and bent like a witch, and of an island tribe noted for its soothsayers. She told of her two sons, lost in battle, but now living at Bimini, a land of health and happiness north of Boriquen. This, of course, was no new tale. What made the Carib woman's story remarkable was that she had a crude map of a route by sea to Bimini. She said also that there was a magic fountain there whose waters held the secret of youth.

Whoever found this fountain and bathed in it would feel his years drop from him as the dead

leaves of a tree are pushed off by the new leaf buds in the spring.

The servants would have sent the Carib woman away, but news of her tale reached Juan Ponce. He believed her. Had he not grown up as a boy in Granada in the belief of the magic that flows in that most beautiful of all waters, the fountain? He commanded that the Carib woman be brought to him, entertained and given presents.

He demanded information from her as to the route to Bimini. He decided to give up his home, leave even his young son and go in search of the mysterious fountain.

We are told that even the Indians of Boriquen caught the old navigator's spirit. Cattle and hogs were slaughtered and the meat salted for a long voyage. Water casks were filled. Bread was baked by the hundred loaves, the hard loaves that would last a long time. Dried grapes, olives, preserved figs and pineapples, pieces of the native stone jewelry for gifts to the spirit of the fountain, and building materials were loaded upon three caravels. Then Juan Ponce de Leon dressed in shining armor set

out on the strangest voyage history has ever known, the search for the spring of eternal youth.

He cruised in a northerly direction for weeks, sometimes landing on an uninhabited island, sometimes risking his life among strange tribes, and always inquiring for the route to Bimini. Everywhere he was told that there was such a place. He would know it by its sunshine which was brighter. Its flowers bloomed from one year's end to the next. Its springs never dried, and when he felt its waters he would be changed into the brave young warrior he never had the courage to be.

IT WAS EASTER DAY OF THE YEAR 1513

The voyage continued, the ships' stores growing lower all the time and the crews close to

mutiny. But Juan Ponce believed the Carib woman's story, even if he had found her map incorrect. He cruised on among pine fringed islands, coral reefs and white beaches until six months after he had started he suddenly reached a shore more beautiful than any he had yet touched upon.

It was Easter Day of the year 1513, according to Juan Ponce de Leon's own records. Amid the singing of birds, the perfume of fields of flowers and with the banner of Spain in his hands he landed and took possession of this mainland. It was so lovely a country that he and his men felt their youth renewed by only setting foot upon its meadows. Our Florida had been found, and although there was no miraculous fountain, its warmth, its clear streams, and its never failing flowers and fruits made it truly a land of enchantment.

There is a good deal of truth in every fairy tale. The spirit of the fountain, whether of Granada or the Bimini of the West Indies, lives in the health we find in clear pure water. All that remains of Juan Ponce de Leon's settlement in Porto Rico is a ruined aqueduct and the old walls. An army of ants

descended upon it and destroyed everything except the foundations. But our Florida is a place of new health and joy to so many people that, like the wandering warriors of the Carib woman's story, they have a desire never to leave it. And there really is a spring of healing powers on a small island named Bimini among the Bahama Islands not far from Nassau.

Juan Ponce de Leon's discovery when he landed so long ago among a wondering crowd of snowy herons, gaudy flamingoes, fat pelicans and sea-turtles, at what is now Saint Augustine was one of the most important of the Spanish claims in America. Not gold, not slaves, but the magic touch of water and sun was the end of his adventure, and this magic is ours for the asking in America today.

The Stowaway Who Found a Sea

Vasco de Balboa Sees the Pacific

So far as we can discover from the old records this boy, Vasco, was about five years older than Diego Columbus and he knew all about the wonderful father of Diego, his discovery of the "earthly paradise" so far to the west, and the honor that had come to a little page boy at the court of Spain because his name was Columbus. And this other boy of Spain in the long-ago days also loved the sea. When Vasco was only a child, an astrologer of Estremadura, the small Spanish village in which he was born, pointed out to him an unusually bright star in the expanse of the sky above his father's vineyards.

"Beware of that star," the astrologer warned Vasco. "It is your star, for your good fortune or your destruction. When it reaches a certain point in the heavens your life will be in peril, but if you show valor and determination this crisis will be changed into your success."

"BEWARE OF THAT STAR," THE ASTROLOGER WARNED VASCO

Those were the days when the sayings of wise men and adventurers, and the tales told by the grandfathers of the villages had much to do with the beliefs of the children. Such an idea as this one about Vasco's star remained with him until he was a man, but during his boyhood it thrilled him. He watched that star as its constellation changed its place with the seasons. The star seemed continually to be shining and pointing toward the west.

"I must be brave to overcome the baleful influence of my star," this young Spaniard thought, and so he worked hard with his swords. Fencing was as much a part of a boy's schooling then as boxing and other gymnastic training are today. Vasco's slender, silver blade flashed like a stroke of lightning as he practiced with his fencing master until there was no fear left in his youthful heart and the master must take care lest the boy unhand him.

Vasco was not able, however, to overcome his desire to be like Diego Columbus, the boy who lived at the court of Queen Isabella and had so illustrious a father. All boys of that century felt the call of the sea. Spain was small in comparison to those uncharted lands that lay in the western courses of the sailing ships. Pearls, gold, birds of glorious plumage that could be taught the speech of men, and unknown dark races with a curious way of living were of interest to any boy.

Vasco wanted to sail into the west. Instead he must cultivate the grain fields and grapes of his home farm, for Vasco's father, Don Balboa, was a farmer and only on a small scale at that. Each

year the boy grew more restless watching his star rise in the west, and hearing the sound of the waves in his dreams. He spent his spare time carving toy boats from soft olive wood and fitting them with sails of his mother's homespun linen.

The produce from the Balboa farm must be sent a long distance to the coast, and their olive oil was shipped in large, stout casks made of wood and bound with bands of metal. This oil was rich and precious. From the nearest port it was often shipped to France, for nowhere at that time were there such olive groves as those of Spain. The season when this true story begins, Vasco de Balboa was busy helping press the oil from the harvest of olives on his father's farm and then filling the huge casks ready for shipping. The number of casks of oil was greater this particular year than it had been in a long time. His father left their counting to the boy.

Do you remember the fairy tale you read once and could scarcely believe, about the person who made his escape from an ogre by fitting himself into a barrel and rolling down a hill to the sea? Hardly

a matter of history, you decided. But listen! When the ship of farm produce was loaded at the port from which it was to set sail for France, one of the casks rattled in a strange way. The master of the ship was moved to investigate it and when he removed the top, out stepped a very oily, bruised, but eager youth. This was Vasco's first trip to the sea, and he was discovered as a stowaway by a captain who was none too kind about the affair. The boy had to work hard for his passage out and back to Spain. Still it was a beginning, and how the sea took care of him later is a story that made history.

There was a continent of America now, Tierra Firme, as it was termed on the sailing charts and maps that Spain was drawing and painting with so much pride. It was made up of Central America and part of the northern coast of South America, and it had no king. Don Diego Columbus, now a young man, had come into his father's wealth and was established as governor of the Antilles. He had a good deal of Christopher Columbus' love of discovery, and Vasco de Balboa did not have to make the trip to America in a cask.

What the court of Spain and Don Diego had difficulty in understanding, though, was Balboa's demand that he bring a pack of great hounds to the new land with him, crowding the small boat from Spain, and striking terror in the natives when the adventuring Spaniards landed.

Balboa's dogs voyaged with him, however. He had been a farm boy, you remember, and he knew the great part which animals play in life. Perhaps some one with the love of horses and dogs and the rest of our four-footed brothers in his heart will write for us the part they have played in the history of the world. Until then we can fancy the terror of these great dogs from Spain, huddled together on a small sailing bark, rationed as to water and food, and then led upon the strange shores of America. They were the first dog discoverers of which we have any record. Vasco de Balboa, helped by Diego Columbus, planned to be the king of Tierra Firme, and he wanted to be surrounded by his dogs. Also, he had another plan for an adventure.

To the west of the Atlantic seaboard where Balboa landed, lay a wide, rich, unexplored country.

Gold was there without doubt. It was rumored that the native rulers, the caciques, stuffed gold in baskets and bags, ate their fruit and drank the milk of goats from platters and goblets made of solid gold. There was said to be an odd kind of dwelling place occupied by the chiefs of America as one journeyed west across the mainland, a house built of posts and stones with strange and beautifully carved woodwork.

But most alluring of all the stories of this undiscovered country was that as to an unknown sea far beyond the mountains, where, so it was reported, there were ships and traffic equal to that of Spain. But between the Atlantic and this new sea, no one could tell what dangers lay. One would need at least a thousand men to start across the country. Balboa had less than a hundred and scant food for them and his dogs. He wrote to King Ferdinand of Spain about it. Through all these years since 1513 Balboa's letter has been kept. It sounds ever so much like the letter of a boy who longs to travel, written to his father:

"I desire to give an account to your most Royal

Highness of the great secrets and the marvelous riches of this land of which I am one of the discoverers. Farther down this coast to the westward is the province called Careta, which is twenty leagues distant from this city, Santa Maria, and twelve leagues inland. A cacique there called Comogre has a son who has told me strange tales. He says that in the mountains to the southward there are certain caciques who have great quantities of gold in their houses. It is said that these rulers store their gold in the manner we store maize, because it is so abundant that they do not care to keep it in baskets. They say that all the rivers of these mountains contain gold, and that they have very large lumps in abundance.

"I, Sire, myself, have been very near these mountains, within a day's journey, but I did not reach them owing to the want of men. Beyond these mountains the country is very flat toward the south and the Indians say that the other sea is at a distance of three days' journey. They say that the people of the other coast are very good and well mannered, and I am told that the other sea is good

for canoe navigation, for it is always smooth, and never rough like the sea on this side, according to the Indians. I believe that there are many islands in that sea. They say that there are many large pearls and that the rulers have baskets of them. It is a most astonishing thing and without equal that you are the lord of this land."

This letter from Balboa to the King of Spain went on to ask him for men, for pitch, nails and sailcloth, for shipwrights, for two hundred crossbows of long range, and for food. But the king denied them all. Most of us would have given up at that, but not the boy who still, as a man, watched his star in the west, and did not know fear, and owned a fine pack of hounds. Vasco de Balboa started out across the country on the sixth of September, 1513, with less than two hundred Spaniards, with Indian guides and burden bearers, the usual arms, crossbows, swords, and all his dogs.

Those were cruel days, and the Spaniards were a cruel people. Balboa met, early in his adventure, a cacique named Quarequa, who resisted him. He set these dogs upon him and conquered his village. We

must remember, though, that Balboa was a stranger in an unknown land and must protect his expedition. He never knew when a pass through the mountains would lead him to a settlement. Indians might fall upon his little band, yelling their hatred of the white man and showering poisoned arrows upon them.

It was one of the strangest adventures of all our history. When a trip is made today to some faraway jungle, or desert, or pole, plenty of supplies are provided, maps show exactly the route, and the telegraph, wireless, airplane and dirigible help to keep the men in touch with the world. But fancy, if you can, this once-upon-a-time band of daring Spaniards, their bows across their shoulders, their dogs at their heels, hungry, ragged, undaunted, as they tried to find an ocean of which they knew nothing at all except by hearsay!

At first the country through which they struggled was a network of rivers and swamps with hanging vines and creepers that grew so long and so close together that they made a curtain through which the trail had to be cut with sword blades. There

were beautiful flowers, but many of these plants were deadly poison. Huge snakes, so like the trees and foliage in color that they were not seen until they slowly uncoiled, surprised the men.

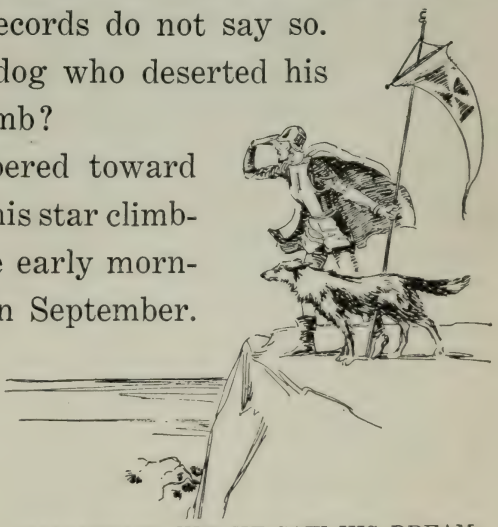
Hordes of chattering monkeys frightened the dogs until they trembled and would not go on unless they were dragged and whipped. On either side, behind and as far as Balboa could see ahead stretched trees, mammoth, black, festooned with damp moss and vines until they took on the shape and features of hideous giants and dragons. A fairy tale? No, this is the history of our country, more fantastic and heroic than any fairy story every written.

Balboa and his small band of discoverers found no gold. None of the waters through which they either swam or paddled in roughly carved canoes yielded pearls. Axes had to be used more often than swords, and the food was scanty. As he led and tried to put heart into his men, Vasco de Balboa was again the boy on a Spanish farm who dreamed of the sea. Gold was to be the lure of the adventurers in America for a long time and it was to lose its glitter in the blood which would be spilled

in obtaining it. But Balboa looked for the sky above the tangled forest through which he struggled. Riches were small in comparison with the Sea of the South, unknown, but in which Columbus had believed.

The path began to climb at last and only a few of the men could go on. Balboa refused to give up. He left those who were too weak to take the steep way, lying on boughs while he pushed on to the top of the mountain they had reached. There was a dog beside him, all the way. Of this we may be sure, even if the records do not say so. Was there ever a dog who deserted his master on a hill climb?

As Balboa clambered toward the summit, he saw his star climbing with him in the early morning of a day late in September. Then he had a glimpse of blue which was not the sky. He hurried ahead of his fol-



FAR BELOW HIM HE SAW HIS DREAM COME TRUE

lowers motioning them to remain behind. He went alone to the top, and far below him he saw his dream come true. Bluer than the sky, outdimming the stars in its shining sunshine lay the Pacific Ocean. The boy stowaway had discovered an ocean.

They went down to the seacoast and Balboa with drawn sword and the banner of Spain held high, advanced into the tide. That was his great adventure, although he returned that winter to the little town of Santa Maria with a bag of pearls. He had dreamed of the lapping waters of an unknown sea when he was a little boy wading in the stream beside the farm in Estremadura. He had stowed himself away in a cask to try to reach it. He had cut his way through a jungle, followed a star, starved himself and his dogs for it, but that was all forgotten. The Sea of the South rippled around Balboa, its waves singing to him of the ships and the commerce it would carry for the Tierra Firme in the years to come.

A Little Aztec Maid

Who Led Cortez to Montezuma

Every boy and girl has heard the wonderful story of Pocahontas, the Indian princess, whose adventures are a part of the history of our country. But there was another Indian maid, fairer than Pocahontas, and whose race boasted a richer kingdom than even that of Spain, who had as strange adventures. Her name was Marina, and she was a little Aztec princess.

Close your eyes and fancy that you are in old Mexico, sailing across a great salt lake close to where Mexico City now stands to the island city of the Aztecs, Tenochtitlan! You smell the salt of the blue water, hear the cries of brightly plumaged wild birds, feel golden sunshine on your bare head, and at last you are welcomed by the perfume of a thousand roses. Open your eyes and see a mighty white stone wall with great carved serpent heads at its gates in front of you. Like the entrance by

way of moat and drawbridge of some tale of knighthood days, your boat slips into a canal which leads to one of the gates in the wall. You land on the grassy bank and find yourself in a beautiful city built by the ancient Aztes from stucco, stone and gold.

The colors of the city as it shines in the sunshine are those of the rainbow. Twenty great white temples raise their towers in the square from which the city's streets extend, for the Aztecs worshiped strange gods. One of these was the god of rain and fertility, another was the god of order, and there was also a blond, bearded god, the unknown one whom the Aztecs believed would sometime come to their city and rule in the place of their King Montezuma. But no child cares to stay long here among the temples; the hurrying white gowned priests look rather fierce. You hasten along a street paved with colored stones set with gold figures until you come to a large communal building.

Marina, the little dark child of a cacique, lived here. Here is the rose garden with a singing fountain in the center where she sat with her nurse and

worked beautiful embroidery with colored feathers. Not far away is the forest where her father's wild beasts and birds are kept in sanctuary.

In the many rooms of the house there is the beautiful order which was part of the religion of the cacique, the floors and walls smooth and polished, and hung with feather worked draperies. Bright silk hangings, cushions and rugs were everywhere. There were low-canopied beds, low stools, brightly polished copper pots and pans in the kitchen, flowered pottery for the feasts when chiefs came from the neighboring mountains, hundreds strong, in their canoes, to visit this city. But what little Marina loved most of all this beauty and grandeur was the rose garden.

Remember that this was the time of Christopher Columbus. It was an age when no such dream of a city like this one of the Aztecs in Mexico would have been believed anywhere in the world. But here in an Aztec garden were such scarlet and golden and white and rosy blossoms as we can scarcely find in a rose show today. Roses hung from the parapets of the communal houses, bloomed in the floating

gardens, and were placed in wreaths about the idols in the temples.

Marina wore a simple white garment, but her arms and neck and long, dusk-colored hair were garlanded with the flowers she loved to pick and twine together.

But just as a rose has thorns, so this fairylike city of the Aztecs had a background of cruelty. You would have liked to stay and play a while with Marina in this castle of her father, the chief cacique of Montezuma's kingdom, but she had passed you on the lake. She had passed you crying as if her heart would break. It seemed best for the tribe that a man should rule in her father's place. Marina's half brother was to be made prince, and this girl of the family was given away by her mother to

MARINA

the Indians of Tabasco in order to make way for her brother in the succession.

"A daughter of caciques and a mistress of vassals" the old records tell us Marina was. But she traveled alone to this strange foreign city of Tabasco south of her home, a place of battle and strangers, for the Spanish conquerors had settled there. Daily thunder and lightning, as the Indians described the cannon of the white men, shook it. The plain on which Tabasco was built was the scene of warfare when Marina and the other slaves reached it. Indians wearing great feather crests and quilted cotton armor covered the plain and advanced upon the Spaniards with arrows and javelins. They blew their trumpets and beat the drums bravely, but their fear was at last their undoing, for a strange creature rode at the head of the white men, a living monster, horse and rider being like one animal.

These simple Indians of Mexico had never seen a horse in battle before. The vision of Hernan Cortez riding toward them on horseback caused them to retreat leaving vast numbers of wounded and dead in their flight.

It was a sad life for the little Aztec princess. She must have been very lonely for her home on the island of flowers. She must also have suffered great hardship, because she was not used to the work of a slave girl, the lack of dainty food, and the cruelty of the Spaniards who crowded Tabasco. We can see her, when her work was done, wandering with the other slave girls down to the water front where the white men's sailing ships lay at anchor. She longed to go home. The ships were filled with cargoes. The leader, Hernan Cortez, was about to start out on a voyage of discovery.

This Spaniard, Hernan Cortez, was not a very noble gentleman, although Marina watching him strut along the edge of a deck and issue orders to his men thought him perhaps the unknown white god whom her people expected. He had a sallow white skin, dark eyes, wore a beard, and had an odd little dwarf for a servant and jester. Marina was almost as much in awe of this dwarf as she was of the Spanish captain. Francisquillo was the name of this queer little capering creature, who had once amused a king in Spain and now was the jester of

Tabasco. But one day Marina touched the hem of the dwarf's motley cape.

"Where does the white captain sail?" she asked.

"To find gold, plenty of gold!" replied the dwarf shrugging his crooked shoulders at the hopelessness of the adventure.

Remembering her own city of gold, Marina pushed closer to the crowd of horses, arms, supplies and sailors boarding the ships of Cortez. A group of dark skinned slaves was being driven on board. Marina found herself one of this group. And as the commander attempted to speak to one of the Indians in the native Maya language and was unable to make himself understood, the Aztec princess bravely offered to be his interpreter. She had been carefully taught the native languages as the child of a cacique should be. So Marina was brought to the attention of this Spanish adventurer and was taken with the expedition on its search for wealth.

At Tabasco Cortez had heard of a land toward the north where there was plenty of gold. His fleet sailed north in the spring of the year 1519 and had been but four days out when two canoes, paddled by

Indians, drew alongside the ship. He would have shot them, but Marina told him that they looked to her like messengers from Montezuma, the king of the gold country. Cortez had never heard of this amazing person, King Montezuma, so he covered the ship's guns and welcomed the Aztec messengers on board. With Marina interpreting, the messengers came and went from Montezuma to the Spanish fleet for two weeks, and there are records that tell us a little of what passed between them.

The Aztecs were frightened at the coming of the white men. Marina who had been driven from her home, had brought these strangers, and Montezuma was not only fearful lest his throne be taken away from him, but that vengeance would come upon the island city because of the cruelty suffered by this Aztec princess. He sent gifts to bribe Cortez to return to Tabasco; bright cotton cloths, ten bales in all, embroidered in feathers, and articles of pure gold set with rare jewels. In return for these gifts, Cortez sent a carved armchair, a scarlet cap, some engraved stones, colored beads, and a gilt helmet which he instructed the messengers of King Monte-

zuma to bring back filled with gold dust. He bade them also tell this king that he, Hernan Cortez, would meet him in his own city.

Montezuma became more terrified. He sent special gifts; bright plumes spangled with gold and pearls, huge feather fans, golden rods, gold collars and headdresses with carved bells and precious jewels hanging from them, silver plumes, little goldfish, ducks, alligators and monkeys, Maya carvings of as much beauty as those of the ancient Greeks, and books made of the bark of trees with picture writing. But the greatest gift of all, and the one which was truly the most dangerous since it told of his great wealth, was a wheel of solid gold as large as a cart wheel. This decided Cortez to advance into Montezuma's kingdom at any cost whatever.

Cortez anchored at the sand dunes close to the trail along which the Indians had come. One day certain other Indians came to him from Montezuma, subjects but not Aztecs, and hating Montezuma. All this the slave girl, Marina, told the Spaniards. These men were easily bribed to conduct Cortez through the wilderness of the tropical forest to the cities of

the Aztecs, of whose glory he could only dream. The way was amazing to the white men. Marina kept with the expedition all the way, naming for Cortez the birds of wonderful color, the odd little wild animals, and the occasional white towns that would rise before his eyes at an opening in the jungle. The Spaniards had never seen anything like these white stucco and stone houses set in the midst of rose gardens, the tall temples, and the statuary by the roadsides. It was all the artistry of an unknown people.

As they neared her home perhaps Marina repeated to the white strangers she was leading, some of the beautiful songs of the Aztec poets:

"I wonder where I may gather some sweet pretty flowers. Whom shall I ask? Suppose that I ask the brilliant humming bird—suppose that I ask the yellow butterfly! They will tell me. They led me within a valley to a fertile spot where the dew spread out in glittering splendor, where I saw lovely fragrant flowers, lovely odorous flowers clothed with the dew.

"I wanted to sing. I polished my song like a shin-

ing emerald. I arranged it like the voice of a bird. I set it in order like the bird's chant. I mingled it with the beauty of the emerald that I might make it appear like a flower bursting its bud."

Marina, little Aztec princess, had learned these words when she had first learned speech. As the retinue of the Spanish conquerors came nearer to the city of Montezuma, other songs came to her lips as if she anticipated the tragedy of her people. "I lift my voice in wailing. I am afflicted as I remember that we must leave the beautiful flowers, the noble music. Only sad flowers are here in Mexico. Ohuaya! Ohuaya!"

Here at the gates of Marina's city stood Cortez with four hundred men and fifteen horses and some cannon. And he practiced a greater cruelty than the Aztec knew. It had been spring when Cortez started by land toward the lake which separated the island city of Montezuma from the mainland. Now, early in November, of the year 1519 he saw the Aztec city spread out before him, temple upon temple, dwelling houses such as no Spanish builder could raise, cedar and other scented trees, and or-

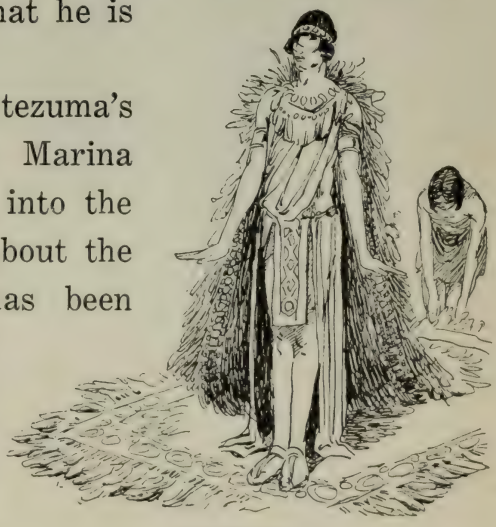
chards and gardens full of fruit trees and roses. Hidden in vaults and caves in the surrounding mountains was that miraculous Aztec store of gold and jewels.

Hernan Cortez entered the city of the Aztecs with great ceremony. Down one of the avenues leading to the central square came a strange procession to meet him. There was first a curtained litter carried by many slaves, and when it reached Cortez a strange figure alighted from it upon a rug of green feathers fringed with gold and jade and pearls. It was a man, tall, slender, his hair worn short, his dress a robe of blue and gold and his feet shod with golden sandals. Four priests also wearing blue surrounded him, and as he came toward Cortez slaves swept the pavement clean for his kingly feet.

The sides of the square were filled with white garbed Aztecs, none of whom might raise their eyes to look upon the man who welcomed Cortez, for this was Montezuma, King of the Aztecs. Cortez dismounted from his horse and placed a string of beads about Montezuma's neck, but the Aztec offered this unknown white ruler whom he believed to be the

long expected god of the Mayas, a garland of roses, and he kissed a bit of earth upon which Cortez had stepped. He spoke to the discoverers.

"We believe that our race was brought to these parts by a lord, whose vassals they all were, and who returned to his native country. And we have always believed that his descendants would come to subjugate this country and us, as his vassals. According to the direction from which you say you come, which is the land where the sun rises, and from what you tell us of your king who sent you here, we believe that he is our sovereign."



MONTEZUMA

This was Montezuma's message to Cortez. Marina must have slipped into the thronging crowd about the square, as she has been lost in the rest of the story of how the Spaniards betrayed the Aztecs and took for them-

selves Montezuma's store of gold and jewels. But she is one of the girls who made our history. Without her service in translating the Maya language the expedition of Cortez might easily have failed. And whatever was the end of the rule of Montezuma, we know that this Aztec princess at least went home again.

The Search for the Man of Gold

Ferdinand de Soto Finds the Father of Waters

Once upon a time there was a boy named Ferdinand who lived in the little walled town of Spain which was called Xeres. This town was situated about one hundred and thirty miles southwest of Madrid but it was unlike a Spanish city, even of those mediaeval days, and very like some place of which boys and girls like to read in fairy tales. Its old roads were bordered with gay roses and olive trees. There was a quiet old monastery in Xeres and several castles lying so still within their crumbling walls that each might have been that enchanted palace in which the prince found the Sleeping Beauty.

In one of these castles of Xeres lived the family of Soto, of which Ferdinand was the thirteen year old son. This family was one of the most ancient and honorable of all the nobility of Spain.

Ferdinand's ancestors had been knights and sol-

diers and princes as far back as could be traced.

Not a boy of the entire line had ever done any kind of work that would soil his white hands or hurt his rich garments. So, although the Soto castle was cold in winter for lack of fuel, and a solitary place all the year round because there was scarcely enough bread to feed the household and none for a guest, Ferdinand was an extremely lazy boy. He never worked. He spent his days lying in the sun of the beautiful castle garden or wandering up and down the solitary roads of the little town in the hope that some one or something of interest would pass by.

One day as he stood near the gate of the town Ferdinand saw a gilded coach drawing near with outriders in silk coats and a trumpeter galloping ahead to announce the prince who rode inside:

"Don Pedro of Avila! Make way for the Prince of Avila!" sounded the trumpeter, so Ferdinand, a very ragged little nobleman indeed, stepped to one side as the heavy vehicle with its gorgeous decorations neared the gate of his town.

But Ferdinand did not bow to the occupants of

the carriage. No, indeed! He held his head even higher than before, for although he wore no cap to cover his dark curling hair, and was barefooted, he knew himself to be of the same rank as the proud little maid who sat beside her father, the prince, in the coach. And also this Ferdinand de Soto was without fear of any kind. Isabella de Avila was like the princess of a story, and Ferdinand wanted to look at her.

Isabella sat very straight and proud beside Don Pedro, her father, looking neither to the right nor left. She was dressed in full, rich brocades with a coif on her sunny hair and a lace veil floating from it, and about her throat there was a string of milky,

SHE HAD JUST TIME TO MEET THE MERRY LAUGHING EYES OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

priceless pearls. She carried an enormous feather fan which she waved languidly, and used for hiding her face when she did not wish to acknowledge the polite bows of the villagers. But suddenly, there at the gate of Xeres, something fell, plump, into the lap of the proud little lady of old Spain. It was a bunch of flowers.

Surprised, Isabella dropped her fan and leaned out of the coach window to see who had given her these bright blossoms. She had just time to meet the merry, laughing eyes of Ferdinand de Soto, and although she immediately drew in her head, Isabella realized that she would like to see that boy again. She was lonely in her castle and longed for a playfellow.

Not long after this something wonderful happened, just as it would have happened if this were a make-believe story instead of history. A messenger came to the castle where Ferdinand de Soto's family was starving itself instead of trying to earn a living. This messenger brought a very important looking roll of parchment sealed with the coat of arms of Don Pedro of Avila, which stated that the great and

wealthy Don would take the boy Ferdinand into his castle as a foster son, educate him, and in every way treat him as his own son until he was old enough to make his way in the world. This was a wonderful chance.

In those old days—Ferdinand was born in the year 1500—families thought nothing of giving their children away if an opportunity such as this came to them. So Ferdinand tied his few belongings in a bundle which he slung over his back and he trudged down the road with the messenger of Don Pedro, Isabella's blue eyes shining before him in fancy as blue as the sky of his sunny Spain.

Everything went very well with Ferdinand for a while. He was studious, and Isabella's teachers found the foster son of the Avila castle a more promising pupil than was the princess of the house. Ferdinand learned to speak and read many languages. He learned geography by studying the new maps which were being made with the strange continent of America on them. Navigation, astronomy, geometry were among the subjects this boy became perfect in, but Isabella preferred the study of art,

her music, and her lessons in embroidery and lace-making. She was growing to be a beautiful little princess who spent much of her time in front of her mirror, and whose hand was, even as early as her fourteenth year, being sought for by many neighboring princes. Above all, Isabella loved gold and jewels.

Don Pedro sailed presently to the province of Darien on the Isthmus of Panama. This was the time of the cruel Spanish conquest of America and he, together with the other gentlemen of the Spanish nobility who accompanied him, killed and plundered in the native villages of the Indians and returned to Madrid wealthy. Most astounding, though, were the reports of a land whose borders they had not been able to penetrate, where, so it had been told them, El Dorado lived.

El Dorado was a ruler whose riches could be compared only to those of Midas. He was an Indian whose kingdom included those luxurious, flowery tracts which we know now as Florida. So rich was this El Dorado, the Man of Gold, that every morning his servants bathed him with precious oils and

then covered his body with thick gold dust, making him a walking creature who symbolized uncounted wealth. If a Spaniard could penetrate the swamps and jungles of Florida and conquer the Man of Gold he would be the greatest adventurer of the Old World.

Ferdinand, still in his teens was now a winner in the tournaments and jousts of the house of Avila. He was a straight, courageous, handsome boy, but everything he wore, his velvet cloak, his doublet and hose, his plumed hat, and his spurs were the gifts of Isabella's father. Although he wore them more gallantly than any prince, Isabella taunted her foster brother with his poverty.

"Why do you not fit out a sailing fleet and go to this El Dorado's land, and win it for me?" she asked him. "There is nothing in the world so important as gold. Win gold and you shall have my hand."

So Ferdinand de Soto went with Don Pedro to America and, the record tells us, gained a fortune there before he was twenty, but he did not so much as set his eyes upon the Man of Gold. He returned to Spain, married the fair, spoiled little princess,

and together they spent and wasted all the wealth Ferdinand had acquired. Still Isabella taunted him. "You are a coward and a failure," she told him. "The Man of Gold has escaped you. Go back to America and conquer El Dorado and win me another fortune."

Ferdinand was hot-headed and daring, and he loved the wayward Isabella. He could not bear to be called a failure. He fitted out his own expedition, almost as if for a picnic, with boats full of dainty foods, gallant gentlemen of Spain who did not know how to reef a sail for his crew, and—ah, here is the best part of the whole story—Isabella, who was not quite so selfish a princess as she seemed. She had decided that she must go with Ferdinand in this adventure, sharing his conquest and also his dangers.

In high hope this expedition started across the still uncharted sea, the banners of Spain flying and music playing on the decks. The last sight Spain had of the ships was the colored scarf Isabella waved gayly in the air as she stood beside Ferdinand and watched the shores of her country disappear. Spoiled, pleasure loving, but brave at heart and loyal,

Isabella never saw her beloved Spanish home again.

The records tell us that de Soto had nine vessels with him and almost six hundred men, princes in silk and lace, priests in long black robes, soldiers in shining armor, many workmen and mechanics and servants, a hundred horses, a drove of pigs and a pack of bloodhounds. He thought that he would conquer by means of numbers instead of his own efforts, and when he landed one beautiful day in May on the flower banked shores of Florida, he expected to meet and vanquish The Gilded Man before sundown.

But El Dorado eluded Ferdinand de Soto. He found it necessary to prepare a temporary home for Isabella in Cuba while he and a selected party of men pushed westward into the interior. We know now that they marched into Georgia. The going was hard, swampy, the forests a mass of trailing vines and thick underbrush and strange poisonous plants, and infested with insects. These gentlemen of Spain began to die like flies.

Their serving men gone, they took captives from among the Indians they met on the march and forced

them to carry the packs. Always de Soto asked for news of The Gilded Man, but the Indians either had never seen this king or were bound to secrecy. Mile after mile, month after month, they went on. With the seasons they grew ragged, discouraged, thin, ill, but daring. Ferdinand de Soto became a real leader through his hardships. With the months of toil and hazard, he came to think less of El Dorado and more of the adventure of exploring a new country and cutting a path of discovery. There was discovery. After a while they came to the Savannah River and cut and shaped log boats in which they paddled across it.

Pushing still westward and then southwest they entered Alabama. The horses had died, so it was now a foot march. Heavy armor had to be cast off for it hindered them. They were two years away from the coast, and no nearer the kingdom of The Gilded Man than they had been the first day they had touched land in America. It became colder as they traveled. They had to hunt rabbits for food, and one day a stray shot penetrated an Indian village.

The Indians arose and sent a shower of fiery arrows among the small thatched huts in which de Soto's men were sheltered. The Spaniards fought bravely, but they lost many men and the pigs upon which they depended for food. It was January, and after the Indians were scattered it was necessary for the Spaniards to make clothing of skins and weave straw mats for shelter before starting on again. Many of de Soto's small remaining company wanted to turn back and try to find the seacoast where they might embark for home. Others became ill and perished. Wherever they camped word of their approach had been sent to the nearby Indians who surprised them. Spring came but they were still in the maze of a trackless wilderness without guide or hope.

That is, there was no hope save that of Ferdinand de Soto, who had become a man since he left Spain. The boy who had slept out his days in the garden of a Spanish castle, who had sailed to find a fabled man of gold, was now the adventurer whose spirit is undying. Each morning found him ready to start on again, always westward, always courageous. And at

last the discovery of the Father of Waters was made.

That spring, years after Ferdinand had left Florida, there came a day when he saw a thin line of gold showing between the trees in the wilderness. With his small party of men he pressed toward it, seeing the line widen until, at an opening of the forest, he suddenly saw a broad, yellowish river sweeping in majesty before them.

It was wider and deeper and more swift in its currents than any fresh water stream previously known in America. It flowed in majesty like a Father of Waters, which de Soto named it as he stood on the bank scarcely able to see across to the opposite bank. It was the Mississippi River, whose vast body of water was to create new wealth for America as it carried freight and people down to the Gulf of Mexico and thence to the sea.

Ferdinand de Soto never conquered El Dorado, never even found this storied ruler. He discovered that gold is not the only worthwhile end of the rainbow, and that if one struggles with undaunted will even the hardest adventure may end in success.

The proud little princess of Spain, Isabella de Soto,

also went to the end of the rainbow, for although Ferdinand did not live to return to her, she devoted her life to trying to help the Indians who were the victims of the greed of Spain in America. Our great Washington Irving tells of the kindness and goodness of this lonely Spanish lady in our country. And when you study the history of Spain in America of this long-ago period, the trail of the boy of Xeres, who found our greatest river course, is the most honest, brave and straight of them all.

The Fisher Lad Who Made Our First Picture Book

Samuel de Champlain in Canada

In the year 1567 a boy who was named Samuel de Champlain was born in a little fishing village on the Bay of Biscay in France. This part of the French seacoast was known as Brittany. It was a place of small bright gardens, and peasants in great white caps and spotless aprons. Samuel's house was close to the shore, for his father was one of the busiest fishermen of this village, Brouage.

The first sounds that this boy heard were the wind and the surf. When he was old enough to sit beside his mother's kitchen window and eat his porridge from a Brittany bowl painted with flowers, he watched the blue water that stretched as far as he could see. When he was large enough to have a toy sailboat and go down to the beach where his father dried and mended his nets, Samuel listened to stories of the sea. The most thrilling story was about the

land of the griffins which lay many, many miles to the west from Brouage.

Many years before Samuel de Champlain was born, some hardy French fishermen had made a voyage in a tiny sloop to the land known as "The Banks" on the north coast of the New World. The French knew of the discoveries being made across the Atlantic Ocean by the Spanish explorers and the wealth they were finding in America. France was not a rich nation in those old days. She was a nation of thrifty workers. These French fishermen who had sailed away on this perilous voyage to America in the year 1527 had not sought gold. They wanted salmon, codfish and sperm oil, and a chance to set traps for fur bearing animals. France needed these products to trade for the necessities of life.

The return of these bold fishermen had been handed down in stories that frightened as well as interested Samuel. "The Banks," which we know now as the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, was to this little lad of Brittany an enchanted forest. Its wild rocks and foaming waters were inhabited, the stories said, by strange black sea fowl that ate

human flesh. If one dared land on the shore, savages dressed in the skins of bears came out of the woods with spears and attacked the voyager. It was said that these savages had horns, wings, and tails. The griffins were supposed to hide in the deeper woods beyond the shore. They were terrifying creatures with eaglelike heads, huge wings shaped like the wings of a bat and the tail of an alligator. Brave indeed were those who sailed to "The Banks" and back to France to tell their terrible adventures.

Samuel was not the only one who believed these strange tales of the New World. All France wished to have a part in the exploration of the western hemisphere and the nearby islands, but back of the desire was fear. Beaver skins, whale oil, more fish were needed if France was to become as powerful a country as her neighbors, Spain, Portugal and England. But one voyage after another to the fur bearing lands of America had failed.

Ships from all over the world came into the small harbor of Brouage. As Samuel grew from childhood to boyhood, he became familiar with the flags of many lands, even of far away Cathay, as foreign

ships anchored on the Brittany coast for salt. The sailors would stop on land for a brief visit, and the boys of the village listened as they told of great adventures on strange seas in search of a passage to China. It mattered not at all to the brave captains that sails were torn to shreds, decks swept by the storms, and lives lost on hopeless voyages. It was an age of courage, and every man and boy looked westward toward the fabled shores of the New World.

One night when Samuel de Champlain had gone to bed like any tired boy of today, except that his bed was a kind of shelf built in the kitchen wall, he was suddenly awakened by a dreaded sound. The fog bell was ringing the alarm for lifeboats to be manned and put out to sea. It was a wild night of late fall, and the surf had pounded against the rocks all day. The gale had increased with the dark, and the wind had blown out the little oil lamps which lighted the streets of Brouage at night. The families had gone to bed early with prayers on their lips for those fathers and older brothers not yet home from fishing trips. Muffled by the wind, the fog

bell told of death. The village awoke, wrapped itself in heavy cloaks and hastened down to the beach.

Samuel followed with the others, for even the boys must help with an oar in time of need. The wind had gone down now that the storm had done its worst. Huge fires burned on the beach for light and warmth, and by their light Samuel saw what had happened. There was a wreck there on the rocks of Brouage, its great hulk broken and its masts splintered. Not all the crew were left but the boats from the village were bringing in those who had survived. There was a boy among them, not very much older than Samuel, and as he tried to dry his torn clothing he told Samuel of the wreck. It was a French fishing boat fitted out and manned for a voyage of discovery to "The Banks," that strange place of savages and unknown beasts. The boy had been going with his father, but now neither would make the perilous trip. The boy's father was drowned.

"Come to our house and my mother will give you food and dry clothes," Samuel urged the stranger. "Stay with us if you like, for there is enough to eat

"COME TO OUR HOUSE AND MY MOTHER WILL GIVE YOU FOOD AND DRY CLOTHES"

always and plenty of work to be done mending nets and cleaning fish." But to himself he said, "Some day I shall go on a ship to the land of griffins and dark savages. I shall take the place of this boy's father and be the Frenchman who reached the undiscovered fur country safely."

It was ever so many years before this boy of Brittany was able to make his dream become real. Samuel's father prospered and bought a fleet of

fishing boats, and he had some uncles who were also seafarers. Samuel took short trips to sea, learning navigation, how to make soundings, and how to read his route by a compass. A fort was built at Brouage, because its harbor was becoming one of the most important shipping points of Europe. Pirates as well as peaceful merchants came to Brouage and it needed protection. Samuel de Champlain was taught how to fire a gun, and at last he earned a soldier's uniform and served his king with honor. Civil war was being waged in France and Samuel de Champlain had to hold his dream of being a discoverer for nine years. But his soldiering was good training. When the war was over Samuel de Champlain went home and made plans at once for crossing the ocean to the New World.

Like many dreams, this one did not come true as the dreamer wished. Samuel de Champlain was obliged to make a voyage to the West Indies first to buy spices for his uncle and to make another attempt to find that unknown route to China. He sailed first to the West Indies and the coast of South America, and visited Mexico City. He began writ-

ing a diary and stated in it that he believed a canal could be cut across what we know as the Isthmus of Panama.

His diary may still be read, for Champlain kept it for many years. He filled it with pictures somewhat like the pictures a boy of ten or twelve would draw today, for he had never had a lesson in drawing. They serve well, however, to help us see our country as the discoverers saw it. At Dieppe in France there is today this curious old handwritten record in the clear, plain writing of the seventeenth century. It has over sixty colored pictures telling what this sailor, Samuel de Champlain, saw on his trips. These are painted drawings of savages, buildings the Indians of Mexico and South America had made, griffins which he thought he saw, great terrapins, wide winged sea birds, volcanoes in action, islands, rivers, fish and animals. In this way Champlain kept a record of his adventures as no other explorer did.

He wished most of all to reach "The Banks" and discover the truth of the stories he had heard when he was a boy. France had no settlements in America

of any strength. Champlain decided it should have. He showed his picture book to the king of France. The picture maps which Champlain had drawn showed where in the New World Spain was strong and where she was weak, knowledge France had not been able to obtain before. Because of this diary and its maps, the king settled an income for life upon Champlain. Now he was able to fit out his own ships and make his own voyage to America. In March of the year 1603, he set sail with a small fleet for Newfoundland, that unexplored place of furs, salmon, and strange people.

He had two Algonquin Indians with him who had been brought to France as captives. Champlain was a kind, humane captain and he decided to take these lonely red men home. On the long voyage the red men taught him the Algonquin tongue. Jacques Cartier had left charts of the route to Canada. After the rough voyage and landing on a lonely, cold shore, Champlain bravely sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the River St. Lawrence following Jacques Cartier's route. It was all a quiet, dreadful solitude. Montagnais Indians, the vagabonds of the

Canadian forest, shot arrows at the ships from behind the trees. Wild looking creatures, sometimes wearing masks, were these Montagnais. They might have been either the griffins or the horned men of those old stories of the Brittany fisherfolk.

Champlain went on hopefully. He had always loved trees and flowers, and he found new kinds on the shores of this mighty river. Explorers had touched the shores of the New World up to this time, but few had gone into the interior. It took great courage, for no one knew what savage race of men lived beyond the coast. Each day of Champlain's trip the wilderness became deeper, the cliffs on either side loomed higher and the river narrowed. He reached a point where a plain above the river seemed favorable for a settlement. His Indians called this point "Kebec" which meant to them the word "narrowing". Here Samuel de Champlain later built Quebec, the first permanent city of France in the New World.

His courage brought him success. When the Algonquin Indians found that this white captain could speak their tongue they welcomed him to their vil-

lages. They taught him how to trap beavers and told him of beautiful inland seas to which they would lead him. His ships were soon full of rich furs and he returned to France to trade them for supplies he would need for later voyages.

Then Champlain made a second voyage to "The Banks" which in spite of the cold and the dangers of the wilderness, he called Acadia. He brought a strange company with him, rough sailors, fishermen, blackrobed priests to teach the savages to read and write, and a few noblemen of the court of France. He pushed still farther inland, coming at last to the great Lake Champlain. We may close our eyes and see this gentleman of France at the bow of his small boat drifting along the blue lake waters. On the bank were hidden the fierce Iroquois from the borders of the Hudson River who had come north to trap beavers. They were the life-long enemies of the Algonquins who were guiding Champlain. They thought he was a spirit from the sky, and his gun, fired into the air, the fire of heaven. They fled to the woods and Champlain landed to place the lilies of France on the shores of his lake.

The twenty-five years that the great discoverer spent in exploring and settling Canada were thrilling ones. He built forts only to have them burned to the ground. His men grew discouraged and returned to France. One of his friends wandered into the wilderness near his settlement at Fort Royale and never was found although they sounded the drum for him every day for many weeks. There was illness among his friends. Their crops did not flourish. The cold was unbearable. But Samuel de Champlain founded what we would call a club in Acadia, its aim that of making the best of hardships. He named it The Order of Good Cheer. There are persons in France and Canada today who take pride in tracing their families back to this good cheer club that made possible the establishment of France in a new land.

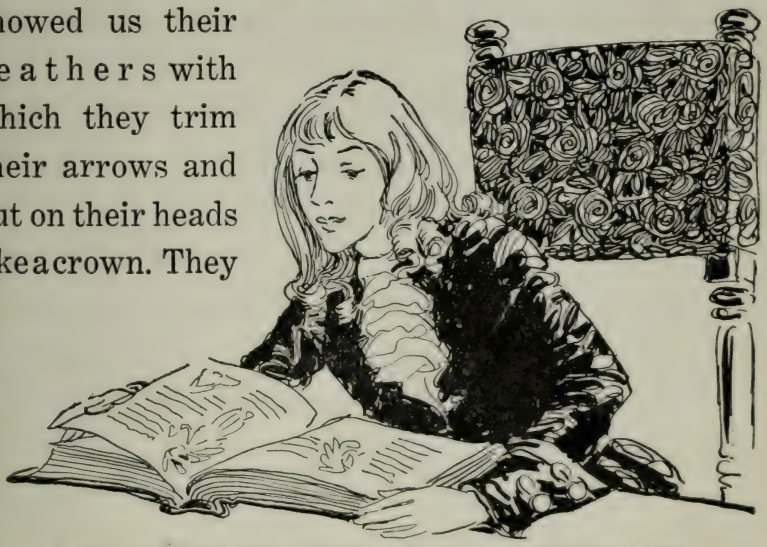
Samuel de Champlain never gave up writing adventure stories. His interest in stories when he was a boy was one reason for this. Another reason was his wish that Europe should know the truth about America, her beautiful rivers and lakes, her animal and field life and the good there was in her savages.

There was a boy king in the Castle of Versailles in France who was very fond indeed of Champlain. He was about fourteen years old, and although Europe spoke of him as King Louis the Thirteenth of France, Champlain knew him as a boy who loved adventure and had never had one. He wrote an entire book called "The Savages" which would take this boy king on a thrilling voyage in his fancy. He wrote something in his diary almost every day that a fourteen year old boy would like to read. Listen to this which Samuel de Champlain wrote in the wilderness of the Algonquin country for all children who love to hear about Indians:

"Some savages dwell all the time near us and have a large cabin surrounded by palisades made of rather large trees placed by the side of each other in which they hide when their enemies make war upon them. They cover their cabins with oak bark. This place is very pleasant. The river is very abundant with fish and is bordered by meadows. At the mouth there is a small island where we shall build a fort.

"The Indian corn is now about two feet high and some three feet. The beans are beginning to flower

as are also the pumpkins and squashes. The Indians plant their corn in May and gather it in September. We have a great many nuts and grapevines on which there is a very fine berry. I watch some little birds which sing like blackbirds and are black excepting the ends of the wings which are orange colored, and are in flocks among the grapevines and nut trees. In this place the savages tell me other birds, which are very large, come along when the corn is ripe. They imitated for me their cry which is very much like that of a turkey. They showed us their feathers with which they trim their arrows and put on their heads like a crown. They



A YOUNG KING WHO LIKED TO READ ABOUT INDIANS

say these birds have a red crest that falls over the beak. I should say they are as large as a goose, and the savages say that at the beginning of winter they fly away to warmer countries. All this leads me to think we have turkeys in Acadia."

One interesting thing about history is that it touches the life of boys and girls of any time or period. Here we learn of a little fisher lad who wanted an adventure and worked hard until he found it. Here also we see a young king who liked to read about the Indians and the good things (red-winged blackbirds) we eat at Thanksgiving. Together they make the true story of a discoverer who not only set up the flag of his country in America, but loved outdoors, and the people of a different race, and who kept a record of his voyages in good handwriting and with pictures. Read The Voyages of Samuel de Champlain sometime for yourselves. They began with a fisherman's yarn on the beach of Brouage, over three hundred and fifty years ago, and came by way of the throne of France to our own beautiful Lake Champlain and the city of Quebec in Canada.

The Boy Who Had Nine Lives

Captain John Smith

The boy's name was John, and added to this was the surname Smith. He was born in the English countryside on a farm, in the year 1579, and if you do some number work on dates in your mind, you will find out that this John Smith must have been thrilled by the stirring days of conquest in which he lived.

There was quite enough work to be done at the Smith farm at Peregrine Bertie where John grew up. Peregrine Bertie was the little village of cottagers and farmers who were the tenants of Lord Willoughby. The thatched farmhouse and barns lying in the sunshine and green of the Smith fields and lanes were alive with the tasks of making butter and cheese, milking a herd of fine Isle of Jersey cows, harvesting potatoes and apples and wheat. But John wanted to see the ocean. He was learning in the small village school of the new land of Ameri-

ca. John's thoughts wandered from his ploughing and planting, and from his books, to Plymouth. At Plymouth ships were being built for trade voyages, and to this seaport ships returned with great cargoes from the new land.

Goodman Smith, John's father, was the kind of English farmer of whom we read in books. He wore a blue working smock most of the time. He drove a two-wheeled wooden cart once a week to market carrying his vegetables and eggs. He paid his rent promptly at the castle of Willoughby but he seldom went to London. So he found it hard to understand why one busy morning of the harvesting time, thirteen year old John was not to be found in his small cot bed under the eaves of their cottage attic.

Where was John Smith? He was creeping as cautiously as a cat along the hedgerows beyond Peregrine Bertie, hiding when a cart jogged by him, and looking ahead for that thin line of blue which is the first sight of the seacoast. John had sold his balls, his cricket bat, his Sunday coat, and his rain cape for a few shillings. He had a package of bread and cheese tied in a bundle and hung over his shoul-

der on a stick. Under his arm he carried his geography with its map of America. This was John's first step toward being a discoverer. He was on his way to the English coast where he hoped to find a vessel on which he could ship as cabin boy for America.

The Smith farm lay far inland and this was the period of history when there were no railroads, not even continuous stage routes. Nobody had time to give John a lift on his way, for the slow wheeled wains that passed were all loaded full of hay.

HE WAS CREEPING AS CAUTIOUSLY AS A CAT ALONG THE HEDGEROWS

His bread and cheese were soon eaten and his feet grew sore. The sea was nowhere in sight, and this is what happened. At candle lighting time of the next day, this weary runaway trudged back home and climbed by way of a ladder to his attic room. No one mentioned that he had been missed. It was

good, John thought, to return to a bowl of clotted cream, all the berries he wanted, and sliced cold beef. He gave up the idea of walking to the sea, but he kept his dream of a voyage close in his heart.

It might have been only a dream if John had not lost his father and mother. His heritage, their few acres of farmland, fell into the hands of a dishonest guardian. When John was only fifteen he was apprenticed to a great merchant who would keep him as a bound servant until he was twenty-one. So he ran away again and shipped with a trader going to France. The thrill of the voyage as the small trading ship battled with the waves and eluded pirates fired the boy's imagination. He had never known such dangers, or such hard work. When they reached Marseilles, France was in the midst of a civil war. The flare of trumpets, the crash of drums, the glory of wearing a soldier's cape and waving a banner! John was tall for his age. He enlisted in the French army as a drummer boy and risked his life many times, each time growing in courage and experience.

The Spanish conquerors were making their pride

and their wealth felt everywhere, and no matter where they settled they were cruel. They were at this time persecuting the peace loving Hollanders, whose only concerns were their flowers and their mill wheels. The next adventure this John Smith had was as a young soldier fighting the Spaniards in Holland and he showed such courage that his fame began to spread. He was spoken of as a boy warrior, undefeated, and bringing good fortune to the cause he tried to help.

But John was still in his teens, and when the war with Spain was over and he had his discharge and his pay money in his pockets, he made up his mind to go on a trip for his own pleasure around the world. He sat proudly on a wharf of Holland waiting for a boat to dock upon which he could take passage; the sparkle of the water together with the comfortable heat of the sun made him sleepy. John took a nap, and when he awoke he was in a cellar dungeon of thieves and was tightly bound with ropes. All his money was gone.

Remember, though, that this is a true story about a real boy who had nine lives. He took one of these

lives with him when he ran away from home. He took another with him when he was apprenticed to a merchant who thought nothing of beating his boy apprentices almost to death if they made a mistake doing an errand, or oversleeping in the morning. The hazard of his voyage to France risked his life again. Another escape in France as a drummer boy! Another in Holland fighting the Spaniards! How many lives does that make; and here he was in the clutch of thieves. Six! He had only three lives left.

But the thieves had been careless. John's jackknife was in his pocket. He struggled until he was able to pull it out with his teeth. Thrusting it under one arm he struggled until he had cut the rope that bound the other arm. It was then only a matter of minutes until he was loose, free, and creeping catlike through the early morning of the Holland streets toward the docks. He stowed himself away on a vessel bound for the Orient. China! The mysterious land of the Turks! The Holy Land; these were as enthralling to John as they are to the boy of today! He was now bound for the lands of temples, bazaars, and slow moving camel trains that

followed the desert trails—seeking more adventure.

One of the sure facts about fame is that it follows us, and sometimes unpleasantly. This plain John Smith had now the reputation of leading a charmed life, safe in battle, able to break prison bars, a youth that nothing could kill. When it was known that he was on the ship, he was at first entertained by the officers, placed at the captain's table and given rich garments in place of the shabby clothes in which he had hidden himself aboard.

But a sudden storm arose when the ship was skirting the coast of France. It threatened to break the ship's old timbers, and tear the sails to tatters. There was a muttering among the crew; "We have a demon aboard. Let us hang him to the mast. No, throw him into the sea or his ghost will haunt the ship." This was when John Smith's fame worked against him. He found himself struggling in the storm swept sea with the ship riding as fast as it could away from him.

His cries for help were lost on the wind. Not another ship was in sight. He must swim for his life.

John swam without direction or hope until, when his strength was almost gone, he saw the green edge of a little island and drew himself up on its beach like Robinson Crusoe. It was uninhabited, but John slept away his weariness on the warm sands, ate wild berries and shell fish, and enjoyed the adventure. His bright silk blouse made a good flag, and a passing vessel picked John up and gave him a chance to work his passage as a cabin boy to Turkey—just the land he had longed to see!

These old days of history were full of wars and the sound of battle. Instead of eating dates and Turkish sweets in the bazaars and exploring the narrow crowded streets of Constantinople, John faced the alternative of wearing armor or being taken a prisoner. Of course he enlisted again, this time in the Transylvanian army. And instead of winning the glory which had been his in France and Holland, John was captured and sold into slavery to a Turkish pasha.

His escape from the sea must be counted in this toll of a boy's nine hairbreadth adventures. It bears the number seven. And now here was John tightly

locked within the walls of a pasha's palace of Turkey. He was living the tales of the Arabian Nights, but his days of bearing trays of fruits and coffee to his master, polishing the gold service and running errands were scarcely to his taste. One night when the moon was hidden and the soldiers who guarded the pasha's gates were asleep, a slender white slave scaled the high wall and slipped down to the street. He fled the city with stealth and speed, and finally made his way to the coast where he took passage for England. After all his wanderings nothing seemed so alluring to John Smith as a thatched cottage and the smell of apples ripe in the sun.

The year 1604 came and with it the plan of some English merchants to make a settlement for the British crown in America. The coast which is now Virginia was their goal, and it seemed to the London Company that this John Smith, of so many hairbreadth escapes should be their captain. So that is what happened. Instead of settling down at twenty-five to be a country gentleman in rural England, John found himself near Christmas of the year 1606, captain of a dauntless little fleet of three boats start-

ing across the Atlantic to found a colony in the new world.

With the company sailed over a hundred adventurers who did not know how to work, plenty of cooks, a tailor whose trade was the making of court costumes, a barber, a perfumer, and only four carpenters. The route across the Atlantic was well-known by that time, and the ships entered Chesapeake Bay in the spring of the year 1607. The English built a fort and a few rude houses. It was the time when the dogwood was in blossom and there was plenty of fish and wild fowl. The neighboring tribe of Indians ruled by the great chief Powhatan was friendly at first and brought gifts of fruit and corn. The secret box which the London Company had put on one of the ships was opened at this settlement of Jamestown and inside it was a paper making Captain John Smith governor of this settlement. It seemed a good beginning.

But it was always hard for white men and red men to understand one another. The Indians stole tools from Jamestown, and because of this were kept as hostages. Their scouting friends shot at

the settlement from their ambush in the forest. It was the small beginning from which started the downfall of Jamestown, together with the fact that the white men sought gold rather than hard work. Just as Spain thought, England also believed that these Indians of America had untold stores of gold and pearls.

It finally became necessary for Captain Smith to make the dangerous trip into the swamp and forest land of Virginia to the village of bark covered houses which was the kingdom of Powhatan. He was exploring the water ways hoping to find a course to the Pacific, but he was suddenly captured, bound, and brought to the village of this most powerful of Indian rulers, Powhatan. Most of the histories tell us that this ninth hazardous moment brought John Smith to the point where he was about to be executed by the Indians. He himself wrote a book of adventures addressed to the Queen when he returned to England, and here is his own story of what happened:

"The great chief Powhatan had a little daughter named Pocahontas at the most not more than thir-

"HER COMPASSIONATE, PITIFUL HEART GAVE ME CAUSE TO RESPECT HER"

teen years old, and the very best loved of his whole kingdom. Her compassionate, pitiful heart gave me cause to respect her, I being the first Christian she and her grim tribe had ever seen. After some three weeks' imprisonment among these savage courtiers,

at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed upon her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown where I found, of all our party, only eight and thirty ill and hungry creatures to keep possession of all those large territories of Virginia.

"She came often to our fort with Powhatan's trusty messenger, called Rawhunt, an Indian dwarf. Once she brought us a deer and bread besides, for this little daughter whom the great chief loved exceedingly had taught him kindness and compassion. Once when the Indians had planned to descend upon us and capture our fort, Pocahontas came by stealth in the dark night through the wild woods and told us of it. In return for this dear child's kindness we gave her some bunches of blue beads and bright ribbons for her dark hair."

You will remember that the settlement of Jamestown was destroyed. It was built on the insecure foundation upon which the Spanish discoverers had built, a desire for gold. Not yet had America's real wealth been found. Her discoverers were still to

embark. But this English lad of nine lives, who was brave Captain John Smith of Virginia, left deep footprints on our soil.

The Boy Who Won the Snowball Fight

Francis Drake Circles the World

He was an English boy who lived about half a century after Christopher Columbus, and his name was Francis. His very first recollection was of the day when he was a little towheaded lad who had to be carried because he had not yet learned to walk, and his father and mother were running away. Yes, two quite grown-up and law-abiding British folk were fleeing from their home in one of the west counties of England.

They were of the Protestant faith and in those days there was much religious persecution and trouble in England.

Presently it was going to mean that the Pilgrims would flee to Holland and from there to America, but Francis' father and mother went only as far as Plymouth Harbor where they had a relative who was a rather wealthy ship owner. There were islands in Plymouth Harbor and on one of these the

family, named Drake by the way, found shelter and a safe hiding place.

This relative of Francis Drake's family had a good deal of influence with the lord mayor of Plymouth, so it came about after a while that Goodman Drake was appointed to read prayers on the many ships that lay at anchor in the harbor. This gave the family more freedom. England was beginning to be a power on the high seas. This was necessary, because Spain and France had their navies and pirate ships on the new, enchanting route between Europe and the land of gold, America.

England wanted gold for her coffers as well as power for her ships. This meant that there was bitter enmity between Spain and England, and also it meant that the boy Francis grew up in the midst of boat building, ship launching, and the adventure tales of the sea told by returned seamen and pirates.

He lived on an old warship; fancy how thrilling that was! Instead of opening his eyes every morning in a regular boy's room and looking out on a horizon line of tall buildings, he rubbed his sleepy eyes open in a ship's hammock and clambered up on

deck to see the glistening blue water and the old hulks of seagoing craft that surrounded him. These hulks towered above the docks and the maze of masts, and the ships' guns boomed in practice, and there was the sound of sailors singing as soon as the sun was up and until it went down at night. Riveting and hammering and caulking and loading cargoes went on daily, and Francis grew so used to living on a ship that going ashore had the thrill for him that going aboard a ship has for a boy today. That was why, when he was about twelve years old, he got into a fight on land.

Plymouth being a seaport town attracted people of all nations. Slant-eyed Chinese boys were there with their fathers who sold tea and spices. French boys, apprenticed to the sea on the French pirate ships, loitered along the wharves. And there were boys from Spain, very smart and gay in embroidered breeches, bright silk shirts and silk sashes. Even their caps were of colored silk; scarlet, yellow and blue silk handkerchiefs wrapped and tied about their dark hair as you see in the pictures of your Treasure Island. Spain was winning gold by the ton from

the discoverers who had plundered the southern coast of America, and these boys had their pockets full of gold coins to spend for sweets and toys in the Plymouth shops.

The Spanish were arrogant also. They owned a fleet of unconquered ships known as the Spanish Armada. They felt quite free in talking about their power on the high seas in England, and when the Castillian lads of the Plymouth waterfront sailed their toy boats beside the docks they saw to it that no British lads won a race. All this Francis thought about, and watched from the deck of the Drake's odd ship home. He had a stout heart and a fiery spirit, and he longed to fight and conquer one of those boys from the race of the Spanish conquerors.

It happened that about the time when Francis was thinking all this there was a jolly, old-fashioned snowstorm in Plymouth. The ships at anchor were sheeted with white until they looked like ghosts, and the rigging was a glittering festoon of icicles. The harbor froze so hard that Francis Drake, wrapped up in his father's thickest wool muffler, wearing a pair of thick woolen socks that his mother had

knitted for him and a shepherd's cape of warm plaid instead of a greatcoat, was able to walk across the ice to the mainland. The boys were having a glorious time there. The Spaniards were the leaders in snowballing, building snow forts and modeling lions and ship figureheads in the snow. The red-cheeked, plain little British boys hadn't a chance in the fun. They stood on the outskirts of the crowd and if they so much as started a snow fort, the Castillian boys drove them away with iced snowballs.

Francis joined these English boys, whom he hardly knew but wanted to get acquainted with. He shaped a snowball and tossed it in the direction of the fort the Spanish boys had made. It was like the striking of flint and tinder.

"Down with the English! Hurrah for the Spanish Armada! Who cares for the English on the high seas; we of Spain are the discoverers and conquerors of America." In this way the holders of the snow fort taunted the boys of Plymouth.

Francis could not endure it. Born of good old Norman stock and acquainted with the sea, he had great pride in Britain. He threw off his shepherd's

cloak, rolled up the sleeves of his homespun blouse and rallied the boys of Plymouth to his help.

"Cowards! Will ye let these Spanish swine speak so against our land and hold their fort on the shore of our waters? Where is your courage! On against Spain!" So shouted Francis Drake, and he rolled snowballs as he shouted.

Who could resist so brave a lad? The boys of Plymouth rolled snowballs, too, and grouped themselves around Francis for the onslaught. They advanced, but were met by a volley of ice from the holders of the fort. Once again they advanced and were driven back, but Francis Drake led them in a third attack which sent the Spanish pirates flying for shelter along the water front, and the British boys took and held the snow fortress not only that day but for as long as the snow lasted. Francis was selected to be the admiral who commanded the fort. Perhaps by this time you have guessed who he grew up to be. Yes, the boy who won the snowball fight was the greatest admiral of the English Navy, Francis Drake.

Those were cutthroat days of piracy. The Span-

"WHERE IS YOUR COURAGE? ON AGAINST SPAIN"

ish conquerors, red and yellow flags flying, sailed for gold. They wanted the treasure of the new world without working for it, and they were growing each year richer from the coins, precious jewels, plate, and gold and silver ornaments which they were taking from the Incas and the Aztecs in America. The only way the British knew to a conquest of America was through conquering the Spaniards. This is what the boy who took the snow fort set

out to do when he was given command of an English vessel; he plundered Spanish ships and the Spanish settlements in America of their gold and pearls.

Just as had happened when he went across the ice to play in Plymouth and was attacked by the Spanish boys, so when he was a man Francis Drake was hated by the Spaniards. The Spanish government reported to Queen Elizabeth of England that Admiral Drake was stealing for his own pockets instead of for the coffers of the British crown. He was called the "master thief of the western world," which was saying a good deal in those days of quite wholesale plundering.

But good Queen Bess knew something about Francis Drake that was unknown to Spain. He did use some of his booty in a manner of which he gave no accounting, as Robin Hood did, for the poor. When he learned of a family driven away from a home they loved because of their religious beliefs, as his own family had been driven, he helped them. When some one needed food or clothing, Admiral Drake gave them a bag of his gold coins. So instead of

being beheaded, as the Spanish crown had demanded, Francis Drake was given five ships of his own, well armed and filled with food. The cabins were furnished with gold and silver mugs and platters, and silk upholstery. His crew was quickly made up and the good wishes of England went with him as he sailed out of Plymouth Harbor in November in the year 1577. Admiral Drake was going on a long voyage of discovery.

He sailed first to the coast of Africa, a long, perilous way. The fleet captured some Spanish ships on the way and so replenished their food supplies which were growing low, but Drake began having trouble with his crew. It was made up of men who never had done much work with their hands and had no intention of beginning.

The whole expedition was only a kind of treasure hunt to them and they started to mutiny. But the same spirit that brought together and made fighters of the boys of Plymouth helped Admiral Drake to manage his men. He told them that there are no distinctions of class at sea, and that all must work and think together if the great adventure upon

which they had started was to be successful. This was fair and the men realized it. The ships were overhauled and Admiral Drake's own flagship named newly The Golden Hind. In the spring the fleet sailed out for South America.

But there they ran into frightful storms. Two of the ships were so hard hit that they sank. Admiral Drake went on to the Pacific Ocean and met even worse gales. A third ship had to be abandoned, and the fourth was sent back to England. Only the Golden Hind was left, Francis Drake's own ship, but she sailed valiantly on toward the north seeking for prizes and new ports. Sun and winds were kind to the little vessel which was nearly around the world, and she was able to go forward with no accident. She encountered thrilling adventures. In the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile, The Golden Hind attacked, conquered and tied to herself in tow a larger Spanish vessel with a good store of provisions. She heard of another Spanish ship ahead of her on the route to Panama that was loaded with silver bars.

This ship was named the Spitfire, which appealed

to the spirit of the Admiral. He at once gave rapid chase.

The Spitfire had several days' start. The Golden Hind pursued her all sails set, but at every port Drake was told that the Spitfire had just left. This was the kind of adventure that Admiral Drake loved. On sailed The Golden Hind in the wake of the Spitfire, always just missing her, but always a little nearer. At last the two ships met and subdued by shot, the Spitfire gave over her treasure of chests of Spanish doubloons, many tons of pure silver, and more jewels than could be counted.

At this time Spain was conducting trade across the Pacific with China, that wonderland of Marco Polo, and the Spanish captains had a secret code by means of which they made their way and traded in Chinese tea, silks and the cotton goods of the Orient. Francis Drake encountered a Spanish ship on which were two Chinese pilots with maps and information about ports in China which would be of great value to England. He captured the ship and took these Chinese aboard The Golden Hind.

She was a weather beaten, weary ship by this time,

but rich in her cargo. It was really time for her to sail home again, but Drake had not yet finished his adventure; he wanted to be known as one of the discoverers of America. He remembered the fleeing of his father and mother, carrying him in their arms, for freedom; this gave him a desire to have his share in developing the new country which already seemed to Europe a land for a free people. The Golden Hind, in a futile search for a passage to the Atlantic Ocean, was now on the western coast of America. Admiral Drake entered a small bay near our San Francisco, landed, and set up a small British settlement, the first Englishman to land in America from the Pacific. We are told that the Indians worshipped these white men as a kind of storied race sent by their Great Spirit from the sky, and it is to the credit of Drake's expedition that his men were kind to these trusting savages and did them no harm during the weeks they spent in building the town which they called New Albion, and repairing the ship.

Admiral Drake's fame had gone from port to port, and when he started on again, there were

Spanish ships waiting for him at the Strait of Magellan and at Panama. But he sailed toward our Philippines, then south to the East Indies, struck a rock and was fast for days until a favorable wind took the ship out to sea again, and at last was headed toward England.

The autumn of the year 1580 saw Plymouth Harbor about as it had looked when Francis Drake and his family were living, hidden, on the old warship. There were the same crowding hulks and masts about the wharf, the same sounds of the ship building trade, and the strange peoples jostling one another along the water front and crowding the inns and shops. There was, however, a kind of phantom ship riding at anchor there, small, choked from figurehead to stern with water weeds, so worm eaten that it was a wonder she kept afloat, but boldly flying the British flag. A lane of soldiers guarded the way from the main street of Plymouth to the sea, and a crimson velvet carpet was laid across the beach and the dock to this same shabby little ship. Who should care to visit it, the townspeople wondered?

They soon found out. Alighting from a very grand coach and taking her way in her high heeled slippers along the velvet carpet came a slender lady in a stiff brocaded dress, a high lace ruff, a wonderful pearl necklace and wearing a jeweled diadem. She went as far as the deck of the ship that looked so like a tramp of the sea, greeted the ship's captain who knelt there at her feet, and touching his head with her scepter commanded that he rise, a knight of England. Queen Elizabeth had knighted the courageous captain of The Golden Hind. Francis Drake was made Sir Francis Drake. The boy who had been able to take a snow fort was now become one of the world's discoverers, the first Englishman to sail around the world and the first European to make a settlement on the western coast of the United States.

COMMANDED THAT HE RISE, A KNIGHT OF ENGLAND

A Daughter of Plymouth

Edward Winslow's Ward, Ellen More

Ellen More was the only little English girl among the young Hollanders who were waiting breathlessly on the shore of the Leyden Canal for Kriss Kringle. Ellen was the adopted daughter of Edward Winslow, printer of Leyden, and his fair young wife, Elizabeth. Rumor said that Ellen was of noble birth in England. Here in Holland, though, she wore homespun and wooden sabots and helped Mistress Elizabeth Winslow with the housework in their tiny brick house near Choir Alley.

Elder Brewster, also one of the band of Pilgrims from England in Holland to which the Winslows belonged, had a secret printing plant in an attic of Choir Alley. There young Edward Winslow, his rank and wealth put aside, set type for the notices the little group of English folk were printing and leaving on each other's doorsteps by lantern light. These printed sheets brought news about the ships

that were being fitted out for the Pilgrims at Southampton. They spoke of the New World across the Atlantic to which they hoped to sail as a "hopeful place with running brooks and flowers and orchards." Men, women and children were looking forward eagerly to the summer of the year 1620.

Ellen opened the door to pick up the news sheet that lay outside and saw the notice hung on the street lamp. It read: "All children of Leyden assemble on the shore of the canal at sunrise when the fog bell rings to watch for the ship of Kriss Kringle which will lie off shore full of gifts."

Ellen's big blue eyes opened very wide as she read this. The children of the small Dutch town had not been very friendly toward her. They may have been shy of her long gold braids, her primrose silk frock and lace cap. She and Mistress Winslow wore dark woolen gowns and aprons every day but it was their habit to put on their English finery for Sunday. Ellen decided to be up by starlight on Christmas morning and wear as plain a frock and cape as did the Holland girls, for she must see the Christmas ship come in.

The fog lay thick over the town that December morning of the year 1619. The fog bell was not a cheerful sound, but it seemed to ring with a holiday note as the doors opened along one street and then another to let out the eager little Dutch boys and girls. Candles in the windows of the odd little brick houses twinkled like laughing eyes. Curtains were raised like sleepy eyes opening. Clop, clop, came the sound of wooden shoes along the stones. The shore of the canal was crowded as Ellen with her long gray cape wrapped closely about her joined the other children.

The sun was trying to show its face, round, red and cheerful, above the rim of the water. Right in the path the sun made on the water, the children saw a ship. What did it matter that it looked very much like Jacob Winkleman's fishing boat, and that the plump Kriss Kringle in a red cap and cloak who landed from it was the image of Jacob himself! He had a long white beard and carried a great bag of toys on his back. Such a shout of joy as went up from over a hundred lusty child voices! The sound of the wooden shoes running after Kriss Kringle on

his way to the Leyden Inn played a jolly Christmas tune. The innkeeper had a roaring fire built and coffee and mugs of milk ready for the Christmas company, and here Kriss Kringle opened his bag of gifts.

He gave Jan a fine red muffler and Katrina a string of gay bells for the dog who drew her milk cart. One child received a rare tulip bulb, another some pewter dishes with which to play house. Ellen More stood apart from the other children. She had followed them at a distance, wishing only to watch the merrymaking. But Kriss Kringle had seen her. He drew from his bag a doll. It was an English doll with a china head and a satin petticoat and short gown. It wore a black silk cape and a lace cap. Tiny slippers were fitted to its feet. Kriss Kringle held out the doll to Ellen More, beckoning for her to come and take it.

The children of Leyden made way for the little English stranger to receive her gift. And as Ellen made a low curtsey to thank Kriss Kringle and held the doll close to her breast, the small Hollanders were suddenly glad also. They understood Ellen's

strangeness, and were happy that Kriss Kringle had been so kind to her.

The Christmas doll went home to Edward Winslow's house in Leyden and was at once one of the family. It was a busy household. Mistress Elizabeth Winslow was not used to work and Ellen had much to do for the delicate English lady. She washed and ironed Master Winslow's ruffles which he wore with his best black velvet coat and mended the worn spots in Mistress Elizabeth's lace collars. She knew how to polish pewter plates until they shone like silver, and she could make a relish of duck as well as if she were grown up. When supper was eaten and Master Winslow sat beside his desk poring over maps by candlelight, Ellen More would curl up on the settle in the chimney corner and rock the English doll to sleep.

The Pilgrim's days were full in Leyden that year. There were meetings in the attic where Master Brewster's printing press stood, and after each meeting the men of the small company of outcasts looked more sober, and often the women's eyes held tears. Ellen knew what was being talked about. Ships

were now being filled with provisions at Southampton. Secretly the Pilgrims at Leyden were sorting out and packing their belongings for the great adventure of sailing to keep a new faith in a new land. Each family was ready to give up all it owned in the cause, but each also had precious things which it was hard to leave behind. The ships were very small. There was scant shelter for the Pilgrims and their needed food and goods in the space between decks. Master Brewster had decided that he must take an ancient carved chest with him on the voyage and his old family mirror. Ellen More had told her doll that never, never should she be left behind for some little Dutch girl to break her beautiful china head.

The plans were so well laid that the day of sailing seemed no different from the rest, only more hopeful. The Pilgrims of Leyden had sold nearly all their household goods and were gathered at the edge of the canal which lay between Leyden and Delft. But each had a small bundle of treasure without which the new land would not seem like home.

Master Brewster's chest and mirror were already

on board one of the small boats that would take the Pilgrims to Southampton. Here was a stuffed chair marked "Cheapside, 1614." It had come with the Winslow family from England to Holland, because it exactly suited Master Winslow's back. It was a very stylish chair as well as comfortable, and had graced the humble living room of their Leyden home.

Edward Winslow had given up great wealth for his faith. He had brought beautiful Mistress Elizabeth and his little ward, Ellen More, from an English estate to the small brick house on a Holland canal. This chair that had been bought on London's street of fine shops, Cheapside, was all that they had kept of their beautiful furniture. Here it was ready to go on the voyage, but there was also Mistress Winslow's packet of finery, her plaited and silk laced dresses, her quilted and tufted coats and petticoats, her lace collars and her russet color and purple capes. The Winslows had more than their share of luggage.

"We must take the chair, my dearest Elizabeth," Master Winslow insisted. "Undo your bundle and give some of your trappings to these Hollanders who

have shared their town with us so very kindly."

"But I must have all these gowns and shoes, my dearest Edward," said Mistress Winslow. "Who can tell when I shall be able to shop in London again?"

Ellen More carefully opened the bundle of clothing she had helped Mistress Winslow pack. It could scarcely be smaller for so lovely a lady. She set a pair of tiny satin dancing slippers on the grass of the canal bank; beside them she set her china doll from Kriss Kringle's pack. Without the slippers or the doll the bundle would be a little smaller. Ellen looked at Mistress Winslow's sad face and the droop of her shoulders. She was still so young

GAVE THE CHINA DOLL A LAST HUG AND KISS

a lady, so delicate and fragile like the doll. These dancing slippers made her happy just to look at them, although she had never worn them in Leyden. Keeping back her tears, Ellen wrapped up the slippers again and gave the china doll a last hug and kiss as she left her sitting on the green shore of the canal.

There was now a great deal of bustle. All the precious things, the chair, the mirror, Mistress Winslow's finery, pewter dishes, tables, beds, chairs, and the Pilgrims themselves went on board. The Pilgrim children, boys and girls, big and little, stood beside their fathers and mothers as they slowly sailed away. They went by way of the Leyden canal toward Delft, and waved good-bye to the Old Kirk where the summer sun lighted the quaint lancet windows. Then they passed through the water gate at Delft, and from there sailed toward a wider canal and a fine city called The Hague. Early in August The Mayflower bearing Edward Winslow and his family and the other Pilgrims sailed out of the harbor at Southampton toward the unknown land of their hopes.

Summer changed to fall. Storms rocked the frail

boat with its crowded people and cargo. Gales swept the sea, and food and water gave out. Weeks dragged into months and still the Mayflower had not sighted land. The Pilgrims had not lost courage but many of the women had never experienced such hardships, and Mistress Winslow was ill from the cold and lack of food. Ellen tried to mother her. If her hands felt empty because of the doll she had left behind in Holland, there were plenty of things for them to do. Ellen More was the youngest of the girls on board the Mayflower but she had the courage of the older ones. Remember and Mary Allerton, Constance and Damaris Hopkins, and Elizabeth Tilley knew and loved her. Bartholomew Allerton, who had brought his drum and was learning to play it, learned bravery from Ellen More. She alone could still little Resolved White's crying when the wind roared in the Mayflower's sails. And when a baby, Oceanus, was born on the ship, Ellen felt as if her lost doll had been given back to her.

No one thought now of those things which had seemed to them so important when they had sailed from Holland. The question was whether they

would live to set their feet on land. The women were brave indeed, and the children as well, trying to quiet the fear that went to sleep with them at night and awoke them in the morning. So the Mayflower struggled on until the late fall when, in November of the year 1620, the Pilgrims found our shores.

We can see Ellen More standing in the fog of Christmas morning on the shore of a Holland canal waiting for Kriss Kringle. We see her the next year a young daughter of America bravely helping to wash and bake and keep the Winslow's log house at Plymouth as bright and cheerful as the house at Leyden. All the other Pilgrim boys and girls were trying to do their share. They would not see Kriss Kringle again, but they had discovered something the Spanish and other early explorers on America's shores had failed to find. They had found a chance to work. There was not a nugget of gold anywhere near Cape Cod.

Mistress Winslow's dancing slippers never wore out. We may see them today together with Elder Brewster's mirror in a museum. And Ellen More

is lost to us after she was twelve years old except as history tells us about her unselfish service and the sunshine of her smiles. The Pilgrims' great adventure came in the need of planting, building, reaping and harvesting, founding a faith and feeling thankful for small blessings. The children of Plymouth, brave boys and girls, had their large share in this story of the discoverers.

Plymouth's Bad Boy

John Billington Has An Adventure

When the Mayflower brought the little band of Leyden Pilgrims to their final settlement at Plymouth it brought a boy who—well, if John Billington was not exactly a bad boy but only a young explorer, he certainly made a good deal of trouble for the town.

The old log of the Mayflower, that nearly forgotten record of one of the most thrilling battles with the sea that a sailing vessel ever had, tells us about this John. He came with his father. He had no mother, so we can excuse him a bit for his mischief. Every able-bodied man was busy that first year at Plymouth trying to keep the colony alive. The elder Billington had scant time for bringing up a heedless boy. So John went his own way, which turned out to be a rather upsetting way for both himself and his neighbors.

For some months the Mayflower lay at anchor outside of Plymouth before making her return voyage,

and she had powder in her hold. John, we are told, played with the powder and nearly blew up the little brig, but his mischief was discovered in time to save her. That was his first offence.

The next thing John Billington did was to lose himself in the wilderness that surrounded Plymouth.

It is uncertain just how old John was. Probably he was in his early teens, and any boy of that age would have been interested in and curious about this strange new land in which he found himself. Along The Street, as the main thoroughfare of Plymouth was called, stood the cabins made of rough hewn timber with rudely thatched roofs. At one end of the town was Town Brook. Its banks were lined with the white clay-like stone that Pilgrim mothers and daughters found as good for washing clothes as their precious home boiled soap. Beyond Town Brook—ah, there was mystery enough to call any boy and make him forget his duty to his community!

Let us follow John in fancy on that late summer day of the year of our country, 1621, as he forded the brook and left the comparative safety of Ply-

mouth for the forest and the seacoast that lay beyond.

Wild blueberries, raspberries, and grapes were ripe as he took his way into the forest. The red cedars, the sassafras bushes, the holly and the wild apple trees made his way pleasant. He had his father's musket with him and a boy's belief in his own ability to meet any danger successfully. He had flint and tinder with which to strike fire in the woods, or on the beach for cooking the fish that were so plentiful along the coast of Cape Cod.

Everyone was so busy in the new cornfields of Plymouth that John was not missed at first. When his absence was noted there was nothing to do about it. John had not, so far, proved himself the useful young citizen of Plymouth that the Bradford boys had, or any of the other busy sober lads of Plymouth. So no one went to look for John, and each night his camp fire's blaze was watched by Narragansett Indian scouts. They peered down at him from high boughs where they perched like tree-cats. They made themselves part of the shadows that the pine trees cast. They let John travel miles away from

Plymouth unmolested, for an Indian is leisurely and patient in carrying out his plans.

One day in August, 1621, John was captured by a band of Narragansett Indians, his clothes torn from him and his musket stolen. He was dressed in the knee moccasins and doeskin shirt of his captors. Beads were hung about his neck. He was set to work making the woven rush mats with which the Narragansetts lined their sapling built lodges. He was also made to help in cleaning fish, cutting wood, and bringing water. The boy had never worked so hard before in his life. And he was afraid. His captors were too pleasant to him. They gave him the impression that they were holding him for some coming vengeance.

John was right about this. The Narragansetts were the enemies of the tribe of King Massasoit, who was friendly toward the white men of Plymouth. The Narragansetts were going to keep John for a hostage and try to use him to get beads from King Massasoit and his corn planter, Tisquantum. If they were not able to do this, why, they would have no further use for the white boy. They

might turn him adrift to starve in the forest when winter came, or they might dispose of him in some quicker way.

These plans of the Narragansetts came to nothing. Their scouts had not known that as they trailed John on his runaway trip from home, so they in turn had been trailed by scouts from the tribe of King Massasoit. Massasoit, also, was waiting his good time for action, and all the while Tisquantum had Indians keeping a close watch over the boy.

One day this Narragansett village on Cape Cod was surprised by so large a war party that there was not the least use in their trying to resist. The weakness of the Narragansett Indians of Massachusetts was their lack of union. They lived in scattered villages of fifty or less lodges, sometimes at enmity with the next neighboring village. They could never hope for assistance even from their relatives in time of danger.

So King Massasoit wearing the bright red cotton horse-man's coat trimmed with lace, and the long copper chain which the Pilgrims had pleased him by giving him, entered John's village easily. We can see

the surprised boy, now as tanned as an Indian and working for his board in a way that was very good for him, brought out to greet his rescuer. And the odd part of the story is that John did not really want to be rescued. He had begun to forget his danger in the fun of his savage life.

But the party of King Massasoit decreed that this white boy must be rescued. We have read a great many accounts in the histories of the cruel capture and torture of white captives by Indians. Here, to our great surprise, is a true story of a captive who wasn't allowed to stay captured. He was quite too well treated by the Indians, this naughty boy of Plymouth. He started home, although Tisquantum, that kind Indian who lived in Plymouth until he died, had to carry him, big boy as John was!

Then Plymouth had a surprise. Toward sunset, as it is told by the Pilgrims fathers who were there and saw what happened, on a day of August, a great company of Indian warriors could be seen approaching Plymouth. Their bows and arrows were strung on their backs in war array, but showed untipped arrows because theirs was a peaceful errand.

IN TISQUANTUM'S ARMS WAS JOHN BILLINGTON

These warriors came by way of the sea, wading through the water at low tide so as not to lose any time on what had been a long and perilous trip for them from the land of the Narragansett Indians on Cape Cod. At the head of the procession waded Tisquantum, his long black hair floating behind him in the breeze. His face showed his weariness and his disgust at this errand which had taken him so far afield of the Plymouth harvesting. In Tisquantum's arms was John Billington, whom no one had very much missed but who was back home again in spite of that.

Then the pages close on John's story. Whether he decided not to run away again, to stay and be a help in Plymouth, to give up his own way for the good of the town, is not told us. But it is a simple matter to finish the tale for ourselves. If John was any sort of a man-to-be, he must have been very much ashamed of the trouble he had caused his friends, and he surely must have shown Tisquantum that he had in him, at least the stuff of which an Indian is made.

The Boy Who Discovered a River

Robert Cavelier La Salle and the Father of Waters

Normandy in the year 1643! The most beautiful of the French castles were there, their stone towers and battlements rising above green hills and bright gardens. The roads down which farmers drove loads of purple grapes to market were warm with sunlight and gay with flowers. The estates of the burghers were rich in grain and orchards. It was a place of great peace and plenty. And when the church bells rang out one day in November to tell that a boy had been born at the castle of La Salle, near Rouen, there was joy among the townspeople. Robert Cavelier, which was the boy's name, would follow in his father's footsteps and be the next lord of the castle and defender of the pennant of La Salle.

His fairy godmother was good to this boy. She gave him a straight, strong body and a fine mind. His was the kind of mind that could grasp and understand numbers. But, as most godmothers in stories

do, she endowed him with one fault. He was too restless to stay long in one place, and too headstrong to do always as he was bid.

As Robert Cavelier of the castle of La Salle grew from babyhood to boyhood, he was not content to play in the wide park that surrounded his home. He liked to wander down to the village and play with the children there. He would rather build a play-house of stones and mud than play with the costly toys he was given. When he was ten years old he discovered the maps in his father's library and pored over them by candlelight when he should have been in bed. Some of these maps showed pictures of the savages in America. Robert Cavelier wished he might meet an Indian.

When he went to school to the good monks, who were the best schoolmasters of France at that time, Robert surprised them with his marks in arithmetic. Before his friends had finished their easier sums, Robert was studying geometry and navigation. He changed his play from building stone houses to boat building. He tried to draw a chart of the strange ocean across which many of the monks of France had

voyaged to the wilderness of Canada. He begged to be taught latitude and longitude, how to use a compass, and how to read the sky map of the stars as sailors must. All this time his father had been watching the boy with a good deal of fear. He seemed to have been born a wanderer, one who would not be content to live peacefully among the vineyards and beehives and church chimes of old Normandy.

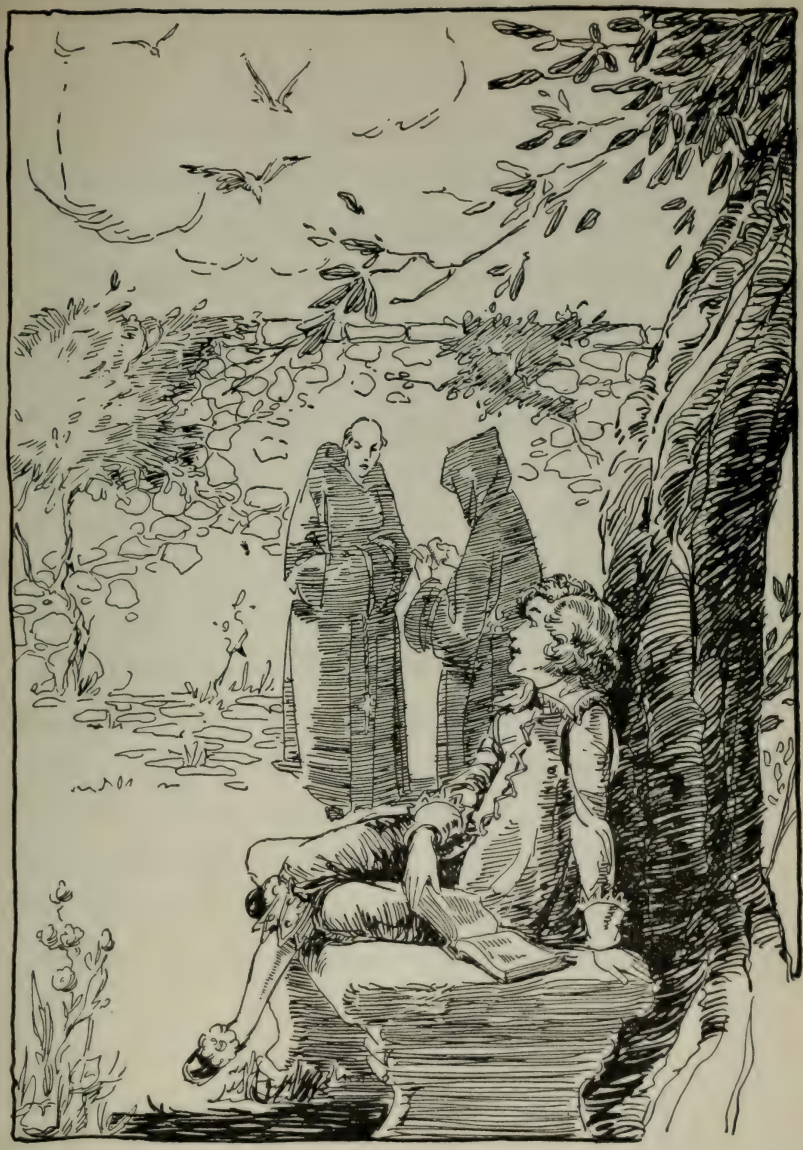
"Robert needs to be taught the wisdom of a quiet life," said the Seignor La Salle. "We shall have to put him into the care of the Franciscan Brothers until he has come to have a more quiet mind."

We should be sorry for the fathers and mothers of these long-ago boys who made history by their wanderings over the earth. Every parent would like a child to stay at home and be a comfort in old age. But the spirit of Marco Polo spread from one country to another. The fabled wealth of China and the Indies, and the great desire to find out all about the undiscovered country to the west thrilled the boys of that time. Even the monks of France could tell wonderful stories of their voyages to Canada and

the efforts they were making to teach the Indians to live at peace with the white men. Robert Cavelier went willingly to the monastery to which his father sent him, but he was restless and discontented.

The life led by the monks was monotonous. One day was exactly like the one before. Robert helped with the garden, learned how to handle a swarm of bees, studied the art of healing by herbs, learned to read Latin. But as he sat in the sweet scented garden of the monks the birds flying above his head seemed to call him to follow them. When the gates were opened, perhaps a ragged, sunburned sailor would come in for a night's shelter and tell over his bread and mug of soup the adventures he had been through. One day Robert heard that his older brother who was a Franciscan monk had gone with a party of explorers to Canada. He felt that he could not stand the quiet and inaction of his life any longer. Robert Cavelier ran away.

Like all runaways this boy of long ago had a great deal of trouble. It was many years before he was able to take the voyage of which he had dreamed to Canada. He worked, studied, saved his money, laid



THE BIRDS SEEMED TO CALL HIM

plans. At last when he was only twenty-three years old, La Salle was ready to leave France for the New World. He sailed to Montreal and joined the little settlement of monks and gentlemen who were trying to build a city from a wilderness and make their fortunes through the trade in furs.

Still he was restless. He did not want to waste time building fortifications and breaking ground for houses. He found that he could make friends readily with the savages of that part of Canada, and when he had learned a little of their language they told him enchanting stories. Wonders beyond the dreams of the white men lay to the west and south. An intrepid explorer would find other races of savages beyond the wilderness, and waters which would carry him through an unexplored part of America south to the ocean again. Only the bravest of men could attempt this journey, La Salle was told. This is why La Salle, still so young, set out to explore inland America.

The Seneca Indians who lived at the western end of the Long House of Iroquois had come to the settlement of Montreal with furs to trade. They volun-

teered to be La Salle's guides as far as their own country. They were the most peaceful of the Iroquois, a farming tribe who had their lodges at the western end of what we know as New York State. La Salle gathered together some monks and explorers as brave as he. They packed presents that Indians would like, and their few clothes and cooking utensils. Then, with the Senecas at their head, they tramped into the wilderness on what was to be the most hazardous and strange hike in our history.

There were no villages along the way in which they could rest. There were no roads, only old Indian trails which were faint and poor. La Salle's compass was of very little use, and sometimes the forest was so dense that they could not see the stars at night. A crackling branch might mean a hostile Indian, or a half starved bear. The small company of explorers grew ragged and weary. They had no sure knowledge of the end of their journey. They wondered if their Indian guides could be trusted.

When his adventure was ended La Salle's followers wrote letters about it. One of these letters tells of the day when they came to the Seneca village near

Niagara Falls. It must have been a very happy spot in the eyes of these wandering white men, as its lodges showed in the midst of cornlands and apple trees and blue lakes. The letter says:

"We journeyed through a great wilderness for many leagues and when we were well nigh dead, we came on a sudden to a fair village of Savages and were welcomed and were taken at once to the cabin of an Indian Chief. The younger warriors washed our feet and rubbed them with the grease of deer, of wild goats and bear. These Savages of the Seneca family are for the most part well formed and covered with a sort of robe of beaver skin, wolves and black squirrel skins. The chiefs met us, holding peace pipes in their hands. The senators of Venice do not speak with more majesty and wisdom than do these ancient Iroquois.

"We delivered our presents, axes, and a great collar of white and blue porcelain and some embroidered gowns. Then we joined in the ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace. It is large and made of red, black or white marble. The head is finely polished and the stem is two and one half feet long,

"THEN WE JOINED IN THE CEREMONY OF SMOKING THE PIPE"

of strong reed or cane adorned with feathers of all colors twined with locks of hair. The head chief gave La Salle this peace pipe in token of good will. After resting a few days we resumed our journey to find this Father of Waters of which the Indians told us."

Fancy if you can what it would mean to go today

from Montreal to Niagara Falls on foot and by canoe, carrying your canoe on your back! This is what the boy from the castle in Normandy did. Leaving the Seneca village, he and his companions took up the trail with only an occasional Indian for guide. One day they came to an amazing sight. A rushing river with torrential falls blocked their way. Writing about it, La Salle tells us that Niagara Falls was a "foaming, boiling cataract of water. Its banks are so high that it makes one tremble to look at the waters. It is so rapid above the descent that it carries down wild beasts trying to cross to the other side. For two miles our goods had to be carried overland, but at last we came to a country full of great lakes."

Neither the dangers from this strange wilderness nor the storms on the lakes made La Salle turn back. He pushed west until, day by day, the forests were less thick and the Indians he met told him that he was coming nearer to the river which had never been approached from Canada by a white man before. One day he saw it shining blue beneath the sky.

This Father of Waters, our Mississippi, was as unknown then as the Atlantic Ocean. It was even less known, for no one knew where its waters emptied. What strange tribes lurked on its wooded shores? Could La Salle and his men make their small store of food last for a journey whose end they did not know? Would their frail canoes carry them all the way? These questions might have troubled some men but not La Salle. Placing the flag of France at the bow of his canoe, he launched the frail bark in the mighty river. He was the true adventurer who has no thought of turning back.

It was a voyage of terrible hardship and suffering. La Salle lost many of his men. Those who survived were weakened by hunger and exposure. But after the cold in which they started had changed to spring and they were quite a distance south, the country grew delightful. The air was soft and the songs of wild birds could be heard from the banks of the river. Strange fruits and berries were to be had, and the voyagers came to cultivated fields of grain and peas and beans. They had glimpses of strange, dusky people peering at them from the forests on

either side. They were not so dark as the Iroquois, yet Indians. Their clothing was different. It seemed to be made of woven cloth dyed in beautiful colors, and sometimes interwoven with feathers. They appeared a peaceful race, very different from the fierce Indian warriors of the north.

Then the forest disappeared and La Salle saw plains, between which the Mississippi flowed. Blue mountains towered above the plains, and fairylike dwelling houses were to be seen made of colored clay. The voyagers landed and were welcomed by these wonderful inhabitants of ancient America, the Pueblo Indians. La Salle explored their villages and was entertained in the cave like houses built so like our apartment houses today. The Pueblos showed him their beautiful weaving, cloth made of nettles, flax and fibre from the bark of trees.

Even the wool of those mammoth creatures, the buffalo, was used in the Pueblo weaving and the finished cloth was dyed many lovely colors from the vari-colored clay of that part of our country. They made, also, a fabric of the feathers of birds, a cloak of which they gave La Salle. They showed him

silver lamps of rare workmanship, old Spanish sword blades, and dishes of silver and gold. Their villages had an orderly government and they spent their time in farming and making beautiful fabrics and utensils with their hands.

So Robert Cavelier La Salle found his adventure in following the course of our longest river and exploring its valley from the fur lands of the north to the magic settlements of the Cave Dwellers in the south. From floating ice he had sailed to a balmy climate. He had discovered the course of the Mississippi River and on the 9th of April of the year 1682, he sailed out of the river into the Gulf of Mexico.

On a green spot of land near the mouth of the river, La Salle and his men landed and planted the flag of France, and marked the spot with the words, "Louis Fourteenth, King of France." They shouted, "Long Live the King," and then, ragged and shabby as they were, La Salle took possession of the land; "In the name of the King of France and his successors, all lands drained by this river, with all peoples, provinces, towns, villages, mines and minerals."

They named the country Louisiana for their king, and then took the same hazardous way back up the Mississippi as they had come, to Montreal. From Canada, La Salle sailed to France to tell King Louis of his discovery. It had been a great adventure and a brave one. Louisiana was to be for a long time a prosperous French settlement and then one of our most pleasant and fertile states. It was in the beginning quite like the little village in Normandy where a boy named Robert of the family of La Salle, dreamed of going to Cathay. That is the way of dreams. Through great hazard and trial, they sometimes come true in a homelike way.

The Boy Who Built a City

William Penn and the Friends

William Penn, a small boy of old London, looked with surprise at the little painted coach coming toward him. His mother, Lady Penn, rode in a huge gilt and blue coach drawn by white horses, and having the Penn coat of arms on the door. This was a much smaller one, rattling at a smart pace down Lincoln's Inn Fields, and drawn by a footman in the livery of Lady Pennington, a great lady of London society at that time. William could not help peering in through the window of the little coach. The footman stopped and out peeped a laughing child face. Why, it was Guli Pennington, Lady Pennington's much loved little girl. She waved her hand gaily at the boy in velvet clothes, short cape trimmed with fur and lace ruffles, who smiled back, his hat in his hand.

"Good day to you, Sir Admiral," Guli said laughing. "Oh, yes, I have heard how you are trying to

imitate your famous father, even if your ships are toy ones and your ocean our River Thames. I saw you launching a ship not long since. Well, here you see me taking my last ride in my own little coach. Have you not heard that I am to have a stepfather soon, and a Quaker at that?" The little girl frowned at the thought. "Mother and I shall shortly wear gray and say *thee* and *thou* to each other. So I thought I would dress up in my best frock and take a last ride among London's ladies of society. On, Charger!" Guli waved her little hand with its jewelled rings at the boy and the coach clattered off over the stones of the ancient street.

William Penn watched the merry little girl until she was out of sight. Then he turned and went soberly toward his home. Although he lived in a fine mansion in London and there were many servants to take care of him and the younger Penn children, Margaret and Richard, while Admiral Penn was away, the family was not happy. The Cavaliers and the Roundheads, the latter so called because they cut their hair short, were at sword's point with one another. Captains, lords, and such great gentle-

men as Mr. Samuel Pepys, who was writing a book about himself, met nightly at The Dolphin and Three Crowns to talk and wonder what would happen if Cromwell's friends should rule England.

William Penn's father had been imprisoned in London Tower for only saying what he thought about the King of England. He had recently decided to move to a country house he owned in Macroon near Cork in Ireland. That had truly been goodbye to Guli Pennington, for William was going to Ireland in a few days. Perhaps he would never see his little friend again. He decided he would like her just as well in a dress of Quaker gray as in yellow silk and a bonnet with flowers. And he would never, never forget her.

The wide green fields, the big barns, the orchards and the comfortable great house at Macroon made a joyful home for the Penn children. William Penn was about ten years old when they moved to Macroon. He had his own pony on which he rode over the estate and along the country roads. His fine velvet suits were put away and he wore homespun for his games and play. He made friends with the

small Irish boys of the nearby farms who worked out in the fields in smocks and patched breeches. He forgot the pride and stiff manners children of London at that time had to practice.

Although the Penn family were really hiding there in Ireland, William was as happy as a lark. His tutor made his lessons a pleasure by letting him study outdoors. Only one thing spoiled his days. Once in a while a strange, drab coated man wearing a broad brimmed hat would come down the road with a Bible under his arm and ask alms at the Penn's door. The cook always drove away these Quakers, and the Penn children were taught to be afraid of them.

When William Penn was only fifteen years old, he was ready to go to college. Admiral Penn was out of prison and enjoying the favor of the King again so it seemed best for the children to return to London. William did not want to leave the country. When he came home to the grand Penn house in London he felt as a blackbird he had once caught and caged had felt. The bird had beaten its wings against its cage until William had set it free. But his

mother loved the city mansion, her parties and pretty clothes. She was as happy getting William ready to be presented at Court as if she herself were to bow before the throne once more. Oh, how William's satin slippers with silver buckles hurt his feet after going barefooted in Ireland! His new coat fitted too tightly. His lace ruff scratched his chin and the long plume on his cap tickled his neck. Yet he had to forget his discomfort and be a young cavalier bending to the floor of the throne room with a hundred other boys, in loyalty to his King.

This was bad enough, but going to college at fifteen was worse. The rivalry between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads was daily growing more fierce. Swords flashed in the streets at the slightest fancied insult. At the University of Oxford to which William Penn was sent the boys were nearly all young cavaliers like their fathers. They wore long curls powdered and tied at the ends with ribbon bows, coats of brocaded silk and velvet and low shoes with bows or buckles in which it was not possible to enjoy a country walk. Over all this finery, there had to be a cap and long gown!

William Penn said that he would not wear the Oxford cap and gown. We can understand how a real boy who loved the country and was used to sensible, everyday clothes would feel dressed for Court as a young Cavalier, and then dressed up again for school. He held to his decision not to wear a cap and gown and was expelled from Oxford. In those days a great deal of thought was given to the matter of a cap or a coat, a feather or a satin shoe. His father and mother were quite ashamed of him, as many mothers and fathers would be today if their boys were sent home from school. So William Penn, still a young boy, was adrift in London. What should he do?

He would not be a Cavalier. Neither did he want to be a solemn, long faced Roundhead. How about being a Quaker, even if the Macroon cook had taught him and Peg and Richard to scorn them? William Penn liked the Quakers' other name, Friends. He had been told of a Friend who had a house where young people were always welcome in London. This was Mr. Springet, the pastor of Chalfont Saint Peter's. One day when the fog was dripping the

"WHY, WILLIAM PENN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN THE RAIN?"

tears over London that this friendless boy would have liked to shed if he had not been brave, he set out to try to find the rectory of Chalfont Saint

Peter's. When he reached it and let the big brass knocker clang against the door, it was opened by a merry faced girl in Quaker drab and white apron.

"Why, William Penn, what are you doing here in the rain?" she asked.

"Guli Pennington!" William exclaimed.

"Guli Springet, if you please," she told him. "Come in. My mother is just putting the teakettle to boil, and my good stepfather will be so glad to meet you." So William Penn threw in his lot with the Quakers.

This Friends' house was the happiest spot William had known since he left his country home. Lady Mary, Guli's mother, had given up all her jewels and beautiful gowns to wear cheerfully the dress of a Quaker and take care of the bare, plain house. Other Friends came to drink her tea and talk about their plan of fleeing the life of London which they did not want to share and found a city of Friends in America where the Pilgrims had already settled. They had heard of a part of the coast of the New World midway between the bleak coast of New England and the warmer South which was as yet un-

settled. Here they would like to found a city where the motto of every home would be "brotherly love," where there would be no quarrels, and all Friends could live in peace.

William and Guli listened to the plans with eager attention. The description of this faraway shore sounded as pleasant as Ireland. It was said to be very fertile with oaks, pines and cedars for timber. The fowls of the forest grew there to great size and were deliciously roasted. Trout, oysters, smelt and perch were to be found in great plenty. There were grapes, plums, chestnuts, and mulberries. Wild myrtle made the air sweet with its perfume.

"How nice if we could found a green country town in that sylvan spot for the Friends!" Guli exclaimed as she and William Penn sat by the fireplace listening to the talk of the others.

"I have a plan for such a town!" William told her. "It has been in my mind a long time. I can lay it out here on the hearth stone with a bit of charcoal." The two knelt down and Guli exclaimed with delight as William Penn drew and explained:

"It would cover close to twelve square miles," he

said. "There would be two wide streets facing red pines and fronting on the river. These would be connected by High Street and an Avenue, both perfectly straight, one hundred feet in width, with trees and gardens surrounding each clump of houses. Then at right angles with High Street would be Broad Street of equal width and cutting the town in two from north to south. In the middle of each quarter thus made I would have a square of eight acres set apart for a park. Next I would build eight streets, very wide and parallel to Broad Street, and twenty streets parallel to the river. The houses in this city would be far apart with rustic porches and trailing vines and plants. The streets should be named for trees."

The two young people imagined they were living in this pleasant country town William Penn had mapped out in his thoughts. Away from the intrigues of that period in English history, they would live and work and play in a City of Friends where all was peace and plain living. As he finished his rough drawing, the boy stood up straight and tall among the company of Quakers gathered in Guli's

kitchen. "I will build this City of Friends in America!" he told them.

"You will; I know you will!" Guli said, slipping her hand in his.

That was the beginning of our first American city. The early discoverers had found riches, furs, strange Indian settlements, inland waterways, and a chance to plant fields and orchards, but the Friends under the leadership of William Penn found a spot in which to build our first city. The Friends believed that it was not necessary to pay taxes for supporting the Crown of England. This was because of England's political strife between the Cavaliers and Roundheads in the seventeenth century. They wished, as the Pilgrims wished, to find a new freedom, and so a colony came over in the year 1681 to what we know now as Pennsylvania.

William Penn himself came to America the next year. His father's wealth was now his and he had a grant of land from the King. He brought about a hundred Friends from England with their household goods, and they settled in a stretch of almost desert soil extending to the unknown west beyond

WILLIAM PENN BROUGHT GULI PENNINGTON
TO PHILADELPHIA AS HIS WIFE

the Delaware River. Here and there they found a house of wood and thatch in which a Dutch farmer lived, but for the most part it was untilled forest land. The Alleghany Mountains were as wonderful to the Quakers as the Rocky Mountains were to the pioneers in their covered wagons. There was not a house in Philadelphia, which was soon to be Penn's "City of Brotherly Love." Some of these first Quakers lived in caves, and some under the wide spreading branches of pine trees.

The women worked side by side with the men and

within a few months eighty comfortable houses were built.

In a year there were a hundred houses, in two years six hundred houses in Philadelphia. Before the woods were cleared the Quakers built a printing shop and a school. This was the year 1683 made notable because Master Enoch Flower of William Penn's colony opened school in a hut made of pine and cedar planks. He charged four shillings to teach a child to read and six shillings to write. The ending of this story is like the fairy tale when the prince marries the princess. William Penn brought Guli Pennington to Philadelphia as his wife.

America's greatness comes to a large extent through her great cities. William Penn's plan upon which old Philadelphia was founded has not yet been improved upon for building a city. Wide streets, plenty of play space for the children, gardens around the houses, good schools, plenty of books, and hard work combined with friendliness make the American city the finest in the world. This was Penn's discovery, the right way to build a town.

Pennsylvania made other discoveries also. The

Quakers and early Dutch settlers started the crafts of pottery, glassware, and cabinet making. Our first toys made for American children were the pottery dolls' dishes and porcelain dogs and cats from the Pennsylvania kilns. Beautiful tables, chests, chairs and cupboards came from the furniture shops of Philadelphia. And the city William Penn and the little girl who rode through London in her own coach, planned, still stands in beauty and pleasant greenness as they saw it.